MAY No. 33 K 50¢
A WARREN MAGAZINE

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

SEE THE CASTLE OF TERROR

...ON PAGE 10

The Hunchback of Notre Dame Complete Photo Story

Monsters and their Girl-Fiends

Do you suffer from spots in front of your eyes? It was a BLACK SUNDAY for Barbara Steele when she got stuck in an Iron Maiden. As for YOU, the moment you spotted this magazine it was a Red Letter Day!

WE HAVE A HUNCH YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE

HAUNTED

If all Notre Dame means to you is a college or a football team, you've picked up the wrong magazine.

But if NOTRE DAME means Quasimodo . . .Chaney . . . monstrous make-up, then you've picked up the right magazine.

We've heard tales of how tentacles have reached right out from the newsstand and grabbed unwary passerby, forceably drawing their attention to our magazine! In fact, it is not commonly known, but that's how the saying started, How does that grab you?

We've a hunch this issue will grab you and keep you coming back for more. If you can't wait 8 weeks, you can get our companion magazine, MONSTER WORLD, in another 4.

—Dr. Acula

Don't let this happen to you! **Fatty Horrorbuckle, pictured here, wanted to go on a diet to lose weight, took some pills that he thought were guaranteed to turn him into "one of the slim people". But he misread the label and instead became one of THE SLIME PEOPLE!**

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND®

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OUR COVER: the Immortal Lon Chaney Sr. as Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, as specially painted for **FM** by Hollywood's distinguished artist Ron Cobb.

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PRIZES this issue to RICH WANNEN, Webster Groves, Mo.; TONY TIERNEY of Los Angeles; and DOUG HALSE of Wauwatosa, Wisc.; for interest Above & Beyond the call of booty. Each has been sent a filmonster collector's item with the gratitute of the editor.

GRATIFYING

I bought your first edition of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** in 1958. I was 14 years old at the time. I have the collectors' edition before me now. As I look thru it once again I see such articles as "Monsters Are Good For You", "The Frankenstein Story", "The Scream Test" and so on. The captions by the pictures are all on the humorous side. It is 66 pages long and has no advertisements whatsoever. (I realize however that ads are a must to the success of a magazine so this I cannot complain about.)

I have just purchased the second issue of **MONSTER WORLD** and its just great. I would like to wish you all the success in the world with it. I guess I sort of grew up with your magazine. I'm now 21 and married and every once in awhile I catch my wife reading **FM & MW** so that must prove something. Just what I don't know!

I have never missed an issue and probably never will. I am enclosing a photograph for your younger readers and new readers. Perhaps you would print it so that they could see what a complete set of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** and **MONSTER WORLD** looks like. I'm the monster at the top middle of the foto.

BOB WERTZ
Clearwater, Fla.

MONSTER COLLECTION

This Monsterrific Complete Set of **FMs** & **MWs** belongs to Proud Fan Bob Wertz. We wouldn't dare print the street address of Bob or he'd be descended on by an envious mob!

THEY LIKE US

Last summer there was a rash of TV revivals of old films like HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (3 or 4 monsters for the price of 1) and FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN (only 2 monsters). I'd like to see in either **FM's** "You Axed For It" or **MW's** "It Asked For You" such beautiful moments of horror as Michael Gwynn shambling out into the nite in THE REVEINGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, his hands tainted with the blood of the servant he has killed in Baron Frankenstein's laboratory, his face already contorted with paralyzed hate & fear; Spencer Tracy beating the old man to death in the 3d version of Robert Louis Stevenson's DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE; the sinister figure of The Bat as he (it?) slinks about thru the old mansion, metal claws glistening in the darkness; and, finally, the fantastic figure of Gort, standing there before Michael Rennie's beautiful saucer in THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL.

The filmbook treatment of Hammer's THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN was very good. I didn't see the film as I anticipated something like FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER which, to say things nicely, stunk to high heaven. Peter Cushing was very good as the scientist in THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN; I never did see him with Chris Lee in THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN; but I take everybody's word for it that he is doing more for horror films in general than are the cheap, wasted, ridiculous, nonsensical-type abominations like TEENAGE CAVEMAN.

Looking back, I can't see as I've said very much about **FM's** high standard of excellence nor have I expressed undying gratitude for such momentous triumphs in the past as the KING KONG story (more! **more!** MORE) and THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, based on one of Wells' very best stories (**"The Island of Dr. Moreau"**). I haven't told you how much I liked THE MUMMY comic strip by Wally Wood & Russ Jones nor how much I would like to see THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (Rains) treated in the same manner; I haven't complimented your excellent Van Sloan-Atwill biographies nor the treatment given THE BLACK SLEEP. So why not save time and just say **FAMOUS MONSTERS** is the greatest? **FM** is, was, and always will be the definitive horror filmagazine, which means those very cheap "rival" magazines might just as well quit now while they're behind.

STEVE UTLEY
Pauline, Kans.

EDITOR ADMONISHED

I was socked to hear of the death of the great actor Peter Lorre but I was even more shocked to read the poetical farewell given by the editor in issue #29. I suppose that Mr. Ackerman and others thought that it was a good poem for Peter Lorre but I did not! I'm sure that it was written sincerely but it had much too much sickness in it to amount

continued on page 78

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2 GREAT MOVIE THRILLERS IN ONE ISSUE! MOST EXCITING PHOTO-STORY BOOK EVER!

"More than a hundred years ago, in a mountain village in Switzerland, lived a man whose strange experiments with the dead have since become legend."

CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

"Before you is my story, fantastic as it might seem, it is true! And even as I write this account of it, I fear that my work has only begun. I trust you will believe it."

HORROR OF DRACULA

IF YOU CANNOT FIND THIS ENTIRELY NEW IDEA IN PICTURE MAGAZINES AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND—SEND FOR A COPY NOW BY CLIPPING THE COUPON BELOW.

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Please rush me A COPY OF CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—HORROR OF DRACULA, for which I enclose 35c plus 15c for handling & mailing.

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CITY ..... STATE .....

2 NEW MONSTROUS FILM STORIES —TOLD IN 500 EXCITING PHOTOS

return of the MEXICREATURES

PART 2

more monsters are on their way from the fabled land of the Aztecs & Mayans

DEMON IN THE BLOOD *(El Demonio en la Sangre)* is one of the latest titles you can add to the Mexi-Checklist we published in our 31st issue. Altho, to be technically correct about it, this horror film comes from Argentina. For Argenteenagers there has also been produced a 3-in-1 fright film, a popular pattern as established in North America with POE'S TALES OF TERROR, Hawthorne's scary triplets (TWICE-TOLD TALES) and the trio of horror stories comprising BLACK SABBATH.

The Abbott & Costello of Mexico, Viruta & Capulin, are *Turistas Interplanetarios* (INTERPLANETARY TOURISTS) in one funtastic film and meet up with *Los Invisible* (THE INVISIBLE MAN) in another.

In our previous 2 features on Mexi-monsters we told of THE BLOOD OF NOSTRADAMUS, NOSTRADAMUS & THE DESTROYER OF MONSTERS and NOSTRADAMUS & THE GENIE OF DARKNESS; we have now learned of a 4th in the series, which in actual order of production turns out to be the first:

La Maldicion de Nostradamus (THE CURSE OF NOSTRADAMUS).

For you many completists who keep lists of such things, it should be noted (we have just learned) that in the USA two of the Nostradamus pix were released without inclusion of the macabre Mr. N. in the title; that is, they were known simply as *El Destructor de Monstruos* (THE DESTROYER OF MONSTERS) and *La Genie de la Tinieblas* (THE GENIUS OF DARKNESS).

five fearful films

CURSE OF THE WEEPING WOMAN *(Maldicion de la Llorona)* is said to be a shocker. *El Mundo de los Drogos* (THE WORLD OF

Tomas Swift & His Electric Chair; or, How to get a Big Charge out of a Current Event. From THE HEAD OF PANCHO VILLA.

THE SECRET OF PANCHO VILLA is out: he confessed to the young man that he became all skin & bones (without the skin yet) when he went on a Die-Rite Cola diet and it was loaded with killories.

DRUGS) is another, with scenes reminiscent of THE MASK, THE CABINET OF CALIGARI (Bloch version) and some of the Corman Poe pix, from what we've heard.

PUSS IN BOOTS—*Puss in Boots?!* Si, amigos—yes, friends—a fairy tale type film to be sure, "but with a ghoulish enough collection of critters" (we are assured by reader Rich Wannen) to qualify as interesting to readers of *FM*. Another in the same category, Rich informs us, is *Capurcita y Pulgarcito vs. Los Monstruos* (TOM THUMB & RED RIDINGHOOD VS. THE MONSTERS). What next—SNOW WHITE MEETS THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN? HANSEL & GRETL VS. GODZILLA & GORGO?

Pancho Villa strikes again! You have previously been told of THE SECRET OF PANCHO VILLA, now hear this: there is another P. V. pic, *La Cabeza de Pancho Villa* (THE HEAD OF PANCHO VILLA).

And last but not least (we only promised you 5 new film titles in this section of the article but we are going to be generous and give you 6) there is *La Marca del Muerto* . . . THE MARK OF DEATH (see foto at end of article). We don't have any information on this one yet but the monster would appear to be either an incredibly old man or a revived mummy.

the monster destroyer

By popular request, we now tell you the story of one of the Nostradamus films. We have selected THE DESTROYER OF MONSTERS for its excitement value.

In the depths of a mysterious forest, two young boys come upon a seemingly deserted castle. It looks almost haunted. Hesitantly they explore it. At the end of a long winding cavernlike tunnel they find a chamber with weirdly decorated walls. Near the center of the room their widening eyes are drawn to—a coffin.

While they cautiously examine this spooky place, unnoticed by them a secret panel moves in the wall and a bestial hunchback emerges, creeping silently toward them. They become aware of his presence only when he is almost upon them and flee for their lives with the malformed man in hot pursuit. One of the boys is buried in sand falling from the cavern wall; the other escapes.

Prof. Cuerdo, famous scientist, and his assistant, Juan, are called in to investigate the boy's disappearance. They are directed to the home of Pepito, the surviving boy.

enter--the bat!

That nite as the professor is meditating on the mystery of the hunchback and the castle, a bat flies in thru an open window, hovers briefly . . . and assumes a human form. The black-cloaked figure, with small goatee and thin moustache, is the satanic Nostradamus!

"Drop the investigation or I will destroy the whole community!" warns the bat-man, then turns back into his winged form and flies into the nite.

Again in his castle, Nostradamus summons his hunchback servant, El Genio. As the Master points to a wall, making a magic gesture with his hand, an image of the sleeping Anita (sister of Pepito) is formed. "Bring the girl to me!" commands Nostradamus.

Genio steals into Anita's room. Awakened from

Larry Talbot takes a vacation south of the border in THE HOUSE OF TERROR. (That's Lon Chaney as the wolfman.)

A midnite bite for bat-man in THE WORLD OF THE VAMPIRES.

Heroine opens her mouth and says "Aaargh!" for Dr. Death in THE MARK OF DEATH.

her sleep, she screams when she finds the hunchback leaning over her. She faints when he kidnaps her. But her screams have roused Cuerdo & Juan and they rush to her rescue.

Meanwhile, Nostradamus flies into the house as a bat, then returns to his devilish human form. He lures Pepito to his castle. But the vampire is caught short by the rays of the rising sun and must leap into his coffin to protect his pseudo-life.

supernatural happenings

Cuerdo & Juan rush to the castle. They encounter Genio, struggle with him, shoot him and he staggers away into a passage. Soon after they find Pepito and he guides them to the coffin of Nostradamus. But its lid cannot be lifted! it is held tightly shut by forces of the supernatural. When a *ghostly* Nostradamus appears and their bullets prove ineffective, they abandon the eerie castle.

In a nearby prison a man sentenced to die is attacked in his cell by a bat. After he has been executed, two of his accomplices go to the morgue to view his body. After they have left, the corpse rises and chokes the caretaker to death. Later, the walking dead man despite 4 shots in his chest—kills one of his former crook friends.

The criminal zombie becomes the psychic slave of Nostradamus. Before the film is thru, one man has fallen to his death from a window ledge . . . El Destructor enters the picture, crystal ball in hand . . . Nostradamus again changes into the Devil of the Night . . . there are other encounters with the undead . . . and finally the unholy Nostradamus is destroyed.

Apparently. END

THE APE & THE AIR-GIRL

Nabonga the Gorilla meets a sky-queen

TURN PAGE to learn Buster Crabbe's Fate...

The Great Ape regards the "pale white ape" as an adversary.

NABONGA is ready to break Buster's back!!!

Is this to be the end of the hero who once played Tarzan, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon?

Don't look behind you, Fifi D'Orsay, unless you're prepared to let out a shrill scream worthy of Fay Wray!

Julie has convinced Nabonga that Buster is a friend so all ends well for the jungle goddess & her rescuer.

When the plane she was piloting crashed in a jungle, Julie London wondered if she would return to civilization alive. Little did she dream of the amazing adventures that would beset her and that she would become a kind of female Tarzan, befriending a huge denizen of the African forests: Nabonga. Like Ingagi before him, and White Pongo, this great ape felt a monkey-like curiosity, a Kong-like feeling of possession, for this strange pale woman-creature who came so mysteriously into his savage domain from the body of a great bird fallen from above. **END**

MASTER MONSTER MAKER WINNER IN HOLLYWOOD

an immortal experience for a "model" young man

the wire of fire

He could hardly believe his eyes.

The telegram trembled in his hands and threatened to ignite in a puff of smoke as he read the amazing message for the 10th time.

He was so excited his mother thought he was going to have a stroke.

Like Mary Poppins, he was on Cloud 9 as he read those wonderful words from Western Union:

CONGRATULATIONS . . . YOU HAVE WON THE AURORA-UNIVERSAL-FM CONTEST.

Greg Gellman, 16 years of age, of Del City, on the outskirts of Oklahoma City, Okla., found it impossible to realize that he, out of 50 top state winners, was the toppest of them all—the National Champ!

magicarpet to movieland

He had labored long & hard to customize his creatures. He had built a 2-storey House of Horrors to house his many models. Frankenstein, Dracula, the Wolfman—they were all there, freshly painted, cunningly clothed, working here, lurking there, or even strapped to the operating table in the basement below, reached by a flight of miniature stairs from the trapdoor in the floor above.

His flight of fantasy, so expertly conceived & finalized, led finally to this: his dearest wish—an aerial adventure. Destination: Horrorwood.

Better than a flying carpet of the Arabian Nights, a jet-propelled steel skybird of the 20th Century to wing him on his way to the land where Lugosi once had lived, where Chaney Sr. had made his masterpieces, now known as Karloffornia.

And he arrived there—in Celluloid City, Magic Town, USA—just a few days before the birthday of beloved King Karloff himself! The 77th year of the reigning monarch of monster movies. And for another reason, as we shall soon learn, his arrival on the screenland scene could scarcely have been better timed.

the invisible man

Incredible as it may seem, neither *FM's* editor nor photographer saw Greg when he arrived at Los Angeles International Airport. They had both arisen early that morning, were at the grounds on time, in the right building and at the right exit, but neither of them saw Greg get out of the plane and come along the passengerway.

Afterwards, the only explanation that could be offered by the staff photographer was that he was looking for a young boy of 16, perhaps 5'10", and Greg stood 10' tall as he emerged from the plane. The only thing the editor could think of to account for what had happened was that Greg had

Something New has been added to the Wacky Wax Museum display at Universal City: a teenster "monster"! Temporary Honorary Munster was Greg Gellman as he took a place beside Herman in this family portriat. Grandpa offered to get up and let Greg sit in his electric chair but Greg said, "Thanks, no, I'm not yet of volting age."

not come along the walkway in the natural way of the rest of the passengers but had been floating 10' off the floor!

Anyway, after the last passengers had got off the plane, and neither Greg nor his mother had been spotted, ye editor finally saw a mother-&-son couple standing in the crowd in the lobby. He thought it might possibly be they.

Our camera-equipped photographer stepped up to them. "Pardon me," he said, "are you by any chance the Gellmans?" And a moment later Greg and his mother Gerry were being introduced to the editor.

The photographer jumped back, focussed his camera, and Greg's handclasp was recorded for his scrapbook as he shook. Shook hands, that is, with the Ackermonster.

Minutes later, their luggage gathered up, the Gellmans were in a big black limousine being chauffered to the Heart of Hollywood and their all-expenses-paid hotel. On their way they passed close to the cemetery where Bela Lugosi lies buried; and as soon as they were situated in their hotel room and refreshed, they rushed back to the lobby where their host immediately took them across Hollywood Blvd. to the forecourt of world-famous Grauman's Chinese Theater.

The "Chinese"! Where the huge towering bust of King Kong, his eyes rolling, his teeth gnashing, stood 30 years before. Greg was led to the very spot which Kong had occupied all those years ago.

The "Chinese"! With its mementoes of 3 stars who had portrayed Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde: John Barrymore, Frederic March & Spencer Tracy. Greg stood in the very footprints, in the cement, of John Barrymore, and for one mad moment was it the darkening of his face as an errant cloud clouded the California sunshine—or did the ghostly mantle of Barrymore descend upon him and transform his features for that fleeting second into those of Stevenson's immortal monster? Unfortunately, the photographer was not quick enough to catch the expression.

Greg "gets into the act" with young actresses who co-star in Wm. Castle's new fright film, I SAW WHAT YOU DID! (Last issue we saw what Greg did to get himself into this enviable position!)

Peeking over Herman Munster's shoulder, as Herman regards polaroid pix of himself taken by Oriental visitor to Studio, is Master Monster Model Customizer Gellman.

The "Chinese"! Where the dragon-fighting Thief of Bagdad, Doug Fairbanks, had once left his imprint, so light & springy his step that it is a wonder his footprint could be recorded.

Then back to the waiting limousine, pausing to observe the star of Lon Chaney Sr., its metal embedded in the sidewalk of Hollywood Blvd. Had there been more time the Gellmans would have strolled down the avenue while their host pointed out the stars of Karloff & Lugosi and other horror celebrities but it was drawing near noon and an appointment for lunch at Universal Studios.

the lunch back of notre dame

And so they came to the far-famed Studio where Quasimodo once rang the bells of Notre Dame, where Erik the Phantom terrified the Opera, where the Frankenstein monster was born and Im-ho-tep returned to life after 3700 years. Where Transylvania was re-created and Count Dracula drank till dawn.

And there the Gellmans and their *FM* friends were joined by a hostess from the Publicity Dept. and all were taken to the great Studio dining hall for lunch. And who should be dining there but Bruce Cabot, of KING KONG fame! And along came Cary Grant! And Natalie Wood! And Tony Curtis! And—all in make-up—*Herman Munster.*

tour of terror

After they were fortified with food, their grand tour of the Studio began; and before they were thru they had:

Seen the exterior of the Munsters' macabre mansion, where the weather is always "balmy" (it rains 365 days a year)

--Visited the dyingroom of the Munster abode and been downstairs in Grandpa's dungeon

--Been taken to the most magic spot on the whole movie lot, the Make-up Dept., where they gazed in awe at the handiwork of the Westmore Wizards: the models of the Metaluna Mutant, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, a Medusa mask, the original head of the Frankenstein monster & fabulous fotos of fantastic creature creations

--Been introduced to Shock Master Wm. Castle

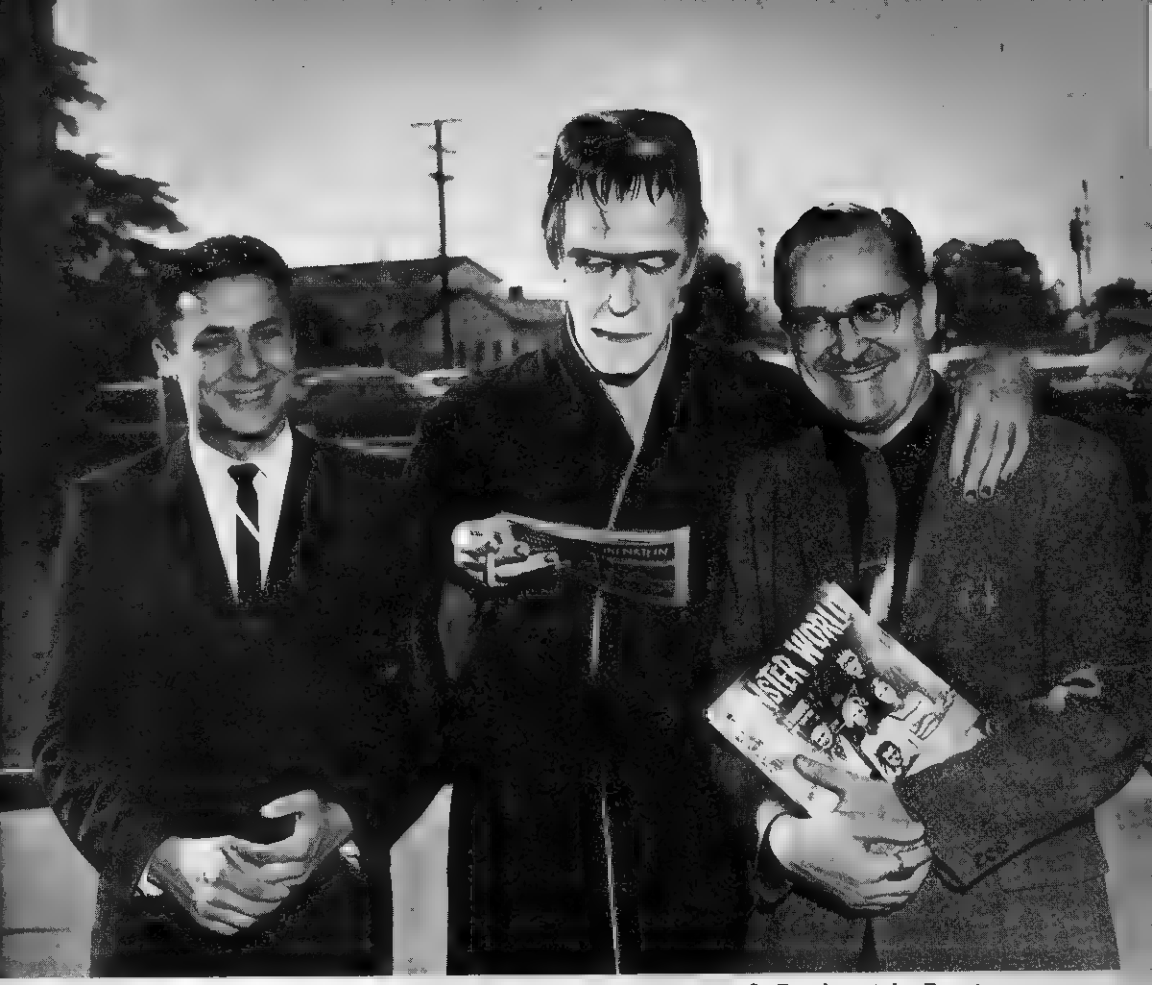
--Watched live filming of a scene of I SAW WHAT YOU DID

--And stood under the actual chandelier which the Phantom of the Opera twice (once in Chaney's time, again in Claude Rains') caused to fall upon the audience.

Truly, a Day of Days!

nite must fall

By now the evening shadows were lengthening so Greg & Gerry reluctantly bid adieu to the Studio and were driven back to Hollywood. There they stopped briefly at Music City to see the display in the window of monster record albums, together with a death-size statue of Herman Mun-



Contest Winner Greg poses with Frankenstein Munster & Frankenstein Punster.

ster and a display of advance issues of *MONSTER WORLD* featuring the Munsters on the cover.

Then—off to Ackermansion, where guests were arriving for the first of a series of *four* Thanksgiving parties! Before they knew it, the Gellmans found themselves introduced to the man (?) who scripted THE NIGHT WALKER, Robt. Bloch; the man-mountain, Fritz Leiber, from whose book "Conjure Wife" the splendid film BURN, WITCH, BURN was made; to Carroll "Luna" Borland, Bela Lugosi's friend of MARK OF THE VAMPIRE fame; and on & on they came. Greg and his mother learned that on these annual occasions, when the editor expresses gratefulness for friends and thanks for friendly acts of the past year, one is liable, at "Monster Mansion", to meet such unmansionable individuals as Geo. Pal, Curt (Donovan's Brain) Siodmak, Tor Johnson, Albert (cover artist) Nuetzell, Ib (monster movie director) Melchior, G. John Edwards (Filmbook writer), Wendayne ("Rocket to the Rue Morgue") Wahrman, Alex ("The She-Creature") Gordon, Bert ("The Amazing Colossal Man") Gordon, James (The Amazing AIP) Nicholson, Ron (the amazing artist) Cobb, Ray (THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES) Bradbury, Hulbert (son of Edgar Rice) BURROUGHS, Marcel (KING KONG) Delgado and numerous other fantastic-film personalities.

7 days make one weak

It was just the beginning of a never-to-be-forgotten week for the Gellmans, with such other treats in store for them as seeing the figures of Dracula, Frankenstein, Erik at the Underground Organ, the Mad Doctor of the Wax Museum and other horrors at the Movieland Wax Museum . . . seeing an excerpt from THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA at Disneyland . . . they even picked a week when 3 fantastic plays by Ray Bradbury were playing!

Just before they flew back home, the Gellmans phoned to say: "We had a *wonderful* time." Which goes to prove that an interest in monsters can be very rewarding. **END**

THE HUNCH OF NOTRE

BACK DAME

a tale of terror...torture ...treachery...of a creature half man, half monster... a Filmbook of the horror classic that earned Lon Chaney immortal fame.

A UNIVERSAL SUPER JEWEL PRODUCTION was what the Studio proudly called its picture when they produced Victor Hugo's classic novel of the doubly crippled Quasimodo: contorted in mind as well as body.

It is unlikely that I had yet reached my 7th birthday when I first saw THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME in 1923. And how it thrilled me! I probably believed every moment of it at

Esmeralda recoils in horror from close contact with Quasimodo.

the time. What did I know of the secrets of make-up then? It may have been the first time I ever even heard of Lon Chaney.

Late in January of this year I saw the Chaney version of THE HUNCHBACK again. (I have, of course, seen the Laughton & Quinn versions in between, and re-seen Chaney's film on a variety of occasions.) I do not mind telling you that, at 48, Chaney's performance still sent chills up & down my spine and I left the theater with a lump in my throat about as large as the hump on Lon's back.

To me, to see the Master of Them ALL in THE HUNCHBACK is still a rare & wonderful emotional experience. I hope I can share it with you in the following pages, partly with the story but mainly with the pictures collected over a period of 40 years.

Forrest J Ackerman
Editor
Famous Monsters of Filmland

Chapter 1
ESMERALDA'S STRANGE MEMORIES

I want to write down my thoughts in some sort or order because I feel they are somehow different from the thoughts of those with whom I live. I know that these Gypsies are my people, and still . . .

Life seems so mysterious to me, so full of strange patterns and grotesque figures . . . I try to explain to myself about it all and can scarce find the words to fit the feeling . . . But it is as if I had blundered from a real, *awake* world into a dream world and had never again been able to find myself a way out again . . .

I know that I am Esmeralda the dancer, and that Clopin is my guardian (a sort of father, I suppose); but I know, too, that I wasn't always Esmeralda, that I must, sometime, somewhere, have been 'somebody else, somebody very different . . .

I have such poor, frail little memories. They are not enough at all. They are not strong enough to guide me out of this dream world into the real world from which I must have come, a long time ago . . .

They are like this: I remember great, lovely rooms, with high ceilings and tall vases of sweet flowers and pleasant faces everywhere about, dissolving in and out of a sort of mist—one face lovelier than all of the others because it is so filled with love of me. I remember a shell-like thing, deep and warm and comfortable—a bed, I think; and I remember being tucked into it at night and then I hear sweet words murmuring in both my ears—words that sound like the words of the prayers Dom Claude says at the holy church, Notre Dame . . .

Quasimodo threatens to strike man who taunted him.

These things keep coming back to me, all of the while, but I can't make them clear. They want to come out of the mist. They are like poor shadows, lovely but lonely, too; and coming to me, they fill me with loneliness.

And after these memories I remember only Clopin, with his deep, deep eyes. Kind eyes for me. Kind eyes, too, for all the dream creatures who live in the Court of Miracles—

Chapter 2
THE SHAPE-CHANGERS . . . AND OTHER PECULIAR PEOPLE

Ah, yes, the Court of Miracles! I must write of that, too. The Court of Miracles used to be so very wonderful to me when I was smaller. I believed in it like some little children I have read about in books believe in a being called Santa Claus. In the Court of Miracles real miracles happened. My friends would go out in the mornings, into the streets of Paris. One could find them, unexpectedly, standing on street corners, blind or halt and lame. One could find them on the broad steps of Notre Dame, begging with whining voices. That is where Clopin always sat, cringing, but with such a light in his deep, deep eyes. I never could quite tell whether that light was for love or for hate . . .

And then, at night time, they would all come back to the Court of Miracles, and as soon as they came in, lo! the miracles! They were no longer blind, they were no longer halt nor lame. Clopin no longer cringed and whined, but sat instead upon an immense high chair and was the King of all the crowded figures.

And he used to say fierce things I didn't understand—then. He used to cry all the time, "Down with the Aristocrats!", and I didn't know for a long while that when he said "aristocrats" he meant the Beautiful Ones, for that is what I called them. The Beautiful Ones whom I would sometimes see driving by in fine coaches or dashing by on horses, brave and brilliant. I used to feel that they were the real ones and that we, who crawled and danced and wept about and around Notre Dame, were the funny nightmare things who would suddenly awake.

Of course we never did.

Now I have grown up, really, and I understand a great many things I never understood when I was little.

But it helps me to understand still better if I write down my thoughts on sheets of white paper. The little black letters on the fair white sheets straighten misty things all out for me. Someday I may know what all this is about. Some of it I understand now.

Dom Claude has helped me a great deal. He is the ministering priest of Notre Dame. He helps everyone. No one is too foul or too wretched for

Clopin & Quasimodo clash as Dom Claude attempts to restrain the Hunchback.

Villainy afoot as Jehan plots to use Quasimodo for foul purpose.

his kind white hands to minister to. His face is so thin that it sometimes seems as though his spirit shines right through . . . It will, someday!

Dom Claude has helped make many things clear to me—Clopin, for instance. I really love Clopin but sometimes I can't understand him. He is so strong and kingly when he is with his "people" as he calls them in the Court of Miracles; and he is kind to me and to the Gypsy Queen in our home. I know that he loves me very dearly and that he would die for me on the guillotine if need be. But I could never understand how he could be so cruel to other people and why he spent his days on the steps of Notre Dame, cringing and whining, when I *know* that he is brave

Dom Claude says he is a strong, *twisted* soul. He says that Clopin has great *knots* in his spirit. And when I asked him if he didn't think I could untie the knots and make Clopin tall and whole, he sighed and shook his head and said, "Ah, my child, none but God can wrestle with the soul of Clopin, now!"

And then there is Sister Gudule, the poor crazy woman who lives in a sort of cell under the shadow of Notre Dame. Night and day and day and night she cries for her lost baby. Dom Claude says she is an example of a great love upsetting reason. He says that I should be very tender and compassionate with her because long ago the gypsies stole her baby and her baby was all her life to her. But Sister Gudule won't let me be kind and compassionate to her. Every time I pass she cries out upon me with horrible curses and cries. I feel that she hates me.

Chapter 3
THE HOLY MOTHER'S CREATURE OF HORROR

And then there is the Hunchback of Notre Dame!

Quasimodo, the one-eyed, the bandy-legged, ugly as an ape, the devil himself, I have heard him called. His face has been described as one of miraculous ugliness:

Bulbous, bloated nose . . .

Horse-shoe mouth . . .

Little left eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carroty bristles, the right completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen . . .

Irregular teeth, jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress . . .

Horny lip, over which one of his teeth protrude like the tusk of an elephant . . .

Forked chin . . .

And above all, the expression—a mixture of spite and melancholy spread over these horrific features.

His prodigious head is covered with red bristles.

Between his shoulders rises an enormous hump, counterbalanced by a protuberance in front.

His thighs and legs are so strangely put together that they touched at no one point but the knees. Seen in front, they resemble two sickles joined at the handles.

His feet are immense, his hands monstrous, but with all this deformity there is a formidable air of strength, agility and courage, constituting a single exception to the eternal rule that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony.

He looks like a giant who has been broken in pieces and ill-soldered together.

When this sort of Cyclops appears on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, almost

Quasimodo selects garment for girl (Esmeralda) who has befriended him.

as broad as high, "the square of his base", as a great man expresses it, the people instantly recognize him by his coat, half red and half purple, sprinkled with silver bells, and, more especially, by the enormity of his ugliness.

Chapter 4
BY THE WORLD REVILED

Dom Claude says he is a poor blind soul living in a poor deformed body and that the world only gets in to him through crazy crevices and apertures.

He says that the Hunchback has animal instincts like all mankind and that he feels within his hideous body the revulsion of the world. Dom Claude says that the world to Quasimodo is just a parade of revolted faces and averted eyes and that he hates them all back again, with a hideous, uncouth frenzy. One can scarce reach his soul through the horror of his body, the good Dom says, and that is the tragic part of it.

"Has he no place where he can see the light?" I asked the Dom.

"The solemn bells of Notre Dame," the Father said, "they are the voices of his baffled soul to him. They are the only voices his soul can hear. They ring for him, at his behest. They are his gods. No friendship, no communion with God, no love of woman is possible for him. Only the bells are possible. Only what they say to him can he hear. He is as faithful to them as I to the Church I serve, as you to your ideals, as a man to his wife. In Death he will be likewise faithful to them. You may live to see that yet, my child."

I felt that I should be kind to him, but when I dance and he squats on the outer edge of the circle watching me, I shudder and my flesh creeps. I recoil and my own recoil is mirrored in his eyes. He would crush me in his terrible hairy arms if he could.

I tell this to Dom Claude and the good man says that I must bear in mind that Quasimodo is one of God's creatures, too. "Only when you have suffered greatly, my daughter," the Father said, "only then will all the things of earth become bearable to you."

Chapter 5
"I FELT AS Q. MUST FEEL"

Today I saw Prince Charming.

I read of him once in a book Clopin got for me.

The fairy-tale book said that he was tall and smiling and clad from head to foot in shining armor. He wore a helmet on his kingly head, it said, and rode a dashing stallion white as milk. I never thought that I, Esmeralda, a gypsy girl, would be granted a sight of him.

Now, almost every day, when my little tent is pitched in the square outside of Notre Dame and I come out to dance for pennies and applause, now, every day, Prince Charming is there, too.

Sometimes he only dashes by on his great stallion. Sometimes he pauses and watches me dance and his eyes meet my eyes and all the colors in the sky of morning and evening dance and swirl, like gorgeous scarfs, before me.

Clopin tells me to stop dancing when "the accursed Aristocrat" goes by. I have to do what Clopin tells me to. But nothing stops the dancing of my heart.

I don't even tell Dom Claude about Prince Charming. I fear he might not fully understand.

Chaney menaces heroine, Patsy Ruth Miller. (Note Wolfman-like hairy hands, make-up similar to that used years later by his son in his characterization of Larry Talbot, the lycanthrope.)

The other night Prince Charming spoke to me. I felt as Quasimodo must feel when he hears the bells of Notre Dame speaking to his soul. My soul had never been awake until Prince Charming spoke to me. Then it woke up and I knew that I would never be the same again. I was transported, but I suffered, too. I suffered because I knew into what horrors I would fall if never again should his voice sing in my ears.

Chapter 6
THE DARK BROTHER

There is one person I do not fully understand. And the only other person about whom I have never spoken to Dom Claude. That person is Dom Claude's brother Jehan. Jehan sometimes comes to the court of Miracles and talks in low dark tones to Clopin. I do not think that Clopin likes Jehan but he thinks that Jehan can help him make things right for his people. Dom Claude says that the greatest knot in Clopin's soul comes from the fact that he cannot see that *all people in the world are His people* and not just the poor creatures that stay with us in the Court of Miracles.

I told that to Clopin, but he only groaned in a way he has and stroked my head and said that dreams were fair food for priests and angels.

But Jehan —Jehan looks at me when I am in any way near him. He always looks at me, his eyes following and following and following . . . His eyes remind me of the rats that sometimes slink along the sewer sides and frighten some of our people when they are coming home from their "work". I am afraid of Jehan. I am much more afraid of him than I am of Quasimodo.

Lately, too, I have seen Jehan talking with Quasimodo and then I have seen Quasimodo shuffle away, licking his lips in a terrible way he has . . . I told the Gypsy Queen that I thought they were up to some mischief. "Clopin will take care of it," she said.

Chapter 7
IN THE CLUTCH OF Q.

I can scarce write this tonight, I am so frightened.

In the evening when I was coming home, wrapped in my cloak, I was suddenly aware of two skulking figures. Horrible.

All of a sudden I was seized and there was a sound of foul breathing and strange talk and then I realized that Quasimodo had me in his grasp and that the slight sinister figure of Jehan was crouched against the walls in the shadows, skulking, skulking, rat-like . . .

My screams died before they were born. This was the horror past horror: to be touched, to be grasped by Quasimodo . . . I was like to live in that most sickening vise, for die I could not for sheer force of horror, when, like a bright sword cleaving through the night, Prince Charming came charging upon us . . .

Kidnapped by Quasimodo, Esmeralda faints. Insane Sister Gudule, in basement window, curses her, little realizing (till revelation at end of picture) that "gypsy" girl is her own long-lost daughter!

In less time than it takes to tell I was rescued, mounted on the milk-white stallion. Ah, the cold feel of his armor! Ah, the brave strength of his arms!

He took me to an odd, small place and brought me wine and bread. He said that I must eat after so terrible an adventure. It was a curious place and a curious old woman served us and stood back of me, smiling strangely. Prince Charming told me that his name was Phoebus. He, too, was strange with me.

I talked to him a little of myself. I showed him the circlet my unremembered mother had once clasped about my throat. "I am not afraid to go about alone," I said to him "for my mother once told me that while I wore this chain no harm could befall me."

Phoebus was so strange then! He was quiet and told me that that day His Majesty The King had made him Captain of the Royal Guard. A little later he took me home.

Chapter 8
BETRAYED & BEATEN

They beat Quasimodo in the public place. Tortured him. They bared his monstrous body to the world and lashed him. That monstrous, poor body! Ah, God, how could they? How *could* they? Dom Claude has said they know not what they do. That must be so. And it was because of me. Quasimodo was arrested for kidnapping. Jehan made him do it, that I know. But Jehan is the rat that hides in the sewers of Paris.

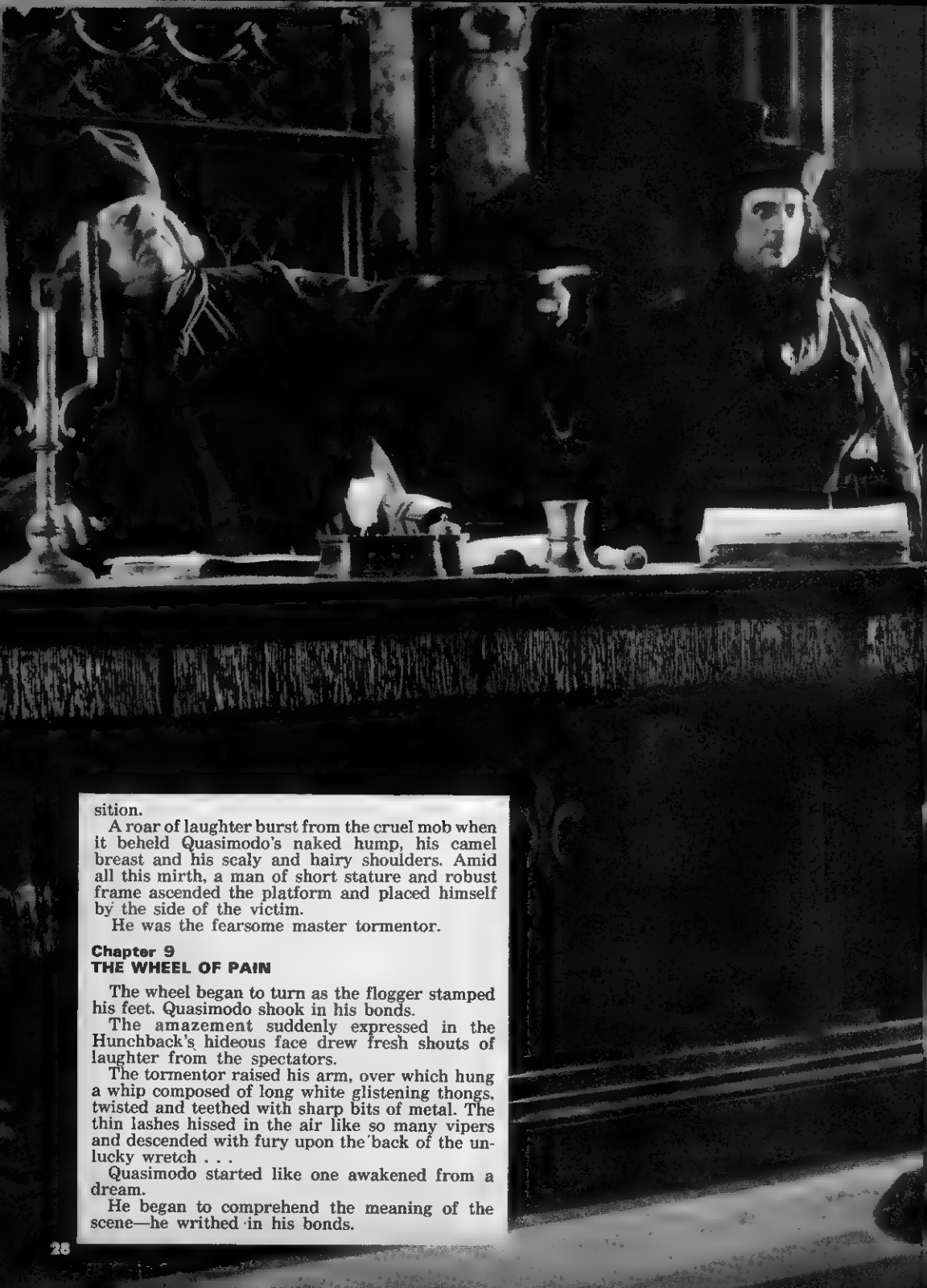
A crowd, to whom the appearance of 4 sergeants posted at the 4 corners of the pillory since 9:00 in the morning intimated that some poor wretch was about to suffer, had increased so rapidly that the sergeants had been obliged more than once to keep it back by means of their horses' heels and the free use of their whips.

The mob, accustomed to wait for hours for public executions, did not manifest any angry impatience but amused itself by gazing at the pillory upon which was a horizontal wheel of oak.

Quasimodo, tied to the tail of a cart, was at length brought forward; and when he had been hoisted upon the platform, where he could be seen from all points of the place, bound with cords and thongs upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting—mingled with laughter and acclamations—burst from the mob. They had recognized Quasimodo.

Quasimodo never stirred; he did not so much as frown. All resistance, indeed, upon his part was rendered impossible by the chains and the thongs curring deep into his misshapen flesh. His face betrayed no other emotion than the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf, but you would have supposed him to be blind also.

He was placed on his knees upon the circular wheel. His shirt was ripped off and he allowed himself to be stripped to the waist without oppo-



sition.

A roar of laughter burst from the cruel mob when it beheld Quasimodo's naked hump, his camel breast and his scaly and hairy shoulders. Amid all this mirth, a man of short stature and robust frame ascended the platform and placed himself by the side of the victim.

He was the fearsome master tormentor.

Chapter 9
THE WHEEL OF PAIN

The wheel began to turn as the flogger stamped his feet. Quasimodo shook in his bonds.

The amazement suddenly expressed in the Hunchback's hideous face drew fresh shouts of laughter from the spectators.

The tormentor raised his arm, over which hung a whip composed of long white glistening thongs, twisted and teethed with sharp bits of metal. The thin lashes hissed in the air like so many vipers and descended with fury upon the back of the unlucky wretch . . .

Quasimodo started like one awakened from a dream.

He began to comprehend the meaning of the scene—he writhed in his bonds.

[illegible] must be dragged away forcibly from the Judge after cruel verdict has been rendered upon him.

The dull-witted hunchback does not understand what is happening to him as he is driven to the village square in an ox-cart.

Quasimodo tugs futilely at the metal chains which bind him to the slowly revolving Wheel of Pain.

A violent contraction of pain and surprise distorted the muscles of his face but he heaved not a single sigh. He merely turned his head one way and the other, balancing it like a bull stung by a gadfly.

A second stroke succeeded the first then came another and another.

The wheel continued to turn and the blows to fall. The swart shoulders of the Hunchback were afire with pain.

Quasimodo relapsed, in appearance at least, into his former apathy. He had endeavored, at first quietly and without great external effort, to burst his bonds. His eye was seen to flash, his muscles to swell, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the thongs, cords and chains to stretch.

The effort was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the old shackles seemed too tough. They cracked and that was all.

Quasimodo sank down, exhausted. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast and feigned death.

Chapter 10
SOUL OF A MONSTER

Time passed.

The fury of the people was expressed not less actively in their faces than their words. For an hour at least Quasimodo had been exposed to incessant ill-usage—slashed, jeered and almost stoned. Big drops of scarlet sweat fought their way along his back and bestial chest, staining the oaken wheel beneath him.

He was deaf but he was sharp-sighted. At first he slowly rolled around a look of menace at the crowd but then he struggled in his bonds and his furious controtions made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its axis.

The crowd drew back in fear that the angry chained beast might break loose and revenge himself for his cruel treatment.

Suddenly, breaking his self-imposed silence, Quasimodo cried in a hoarse and furious voice, like the roaring of a wild animal:

"I thirst!"

This cry of distress served only to heighten the mirth of the good people of Paris. "Water! I thirst!" he cried repeatedly, only to be mocked and pelted with the foulest of liquids. There was none who would go near his hideous body.

I gave him water from the fountain, cool water, and covered his poor revolting body with the tattered garment they had torn from him. My hands touched his miserable flesh and his eyes—his eye—turned to see who had thus stooped to touch him. From the look on his face I shrank, shrank in some explicable way akin to the shrinking I feel when Prince Charming looks on me. I can't explain that. It is too deep for me. Only I knew that within the deep-dug wells of that unspeakable soul a love beyond man's feeble explanations was marvelously born. I had been kind to him. My hands had touched him. A woman's hands! His helpless flesh was powerless to say the things born in his half-blind soul. But I knew. I knew!

He groaned: *"Thank you . . . "*

Chapter 11
"A MADMAN'S JEST"

Dom Claude said that I should suffer to know the pity of the world. Ah me, ah me! In a cell, in a prison cell, I have learned the pity of life

"I thirst!" cried the tormented wretch and the compassionate Esmeralda overcame her emotion of revulsion to bring him water.

and death and the limitless pain of love. But what is Life to me? And where is Love? *For they have killed Prince Charming!*

They have killed him and, in the Courts of the King, Justice has had it that it was *I* who killed him. *I,* who love him more than Life and all that Life can hold! I laughed in the face of the King's Justice. I laughed like laughter heard in hell. It was so horrible, a madman's jest. That I should kill Pheobus, whose every drop of blood is cherished in my heart.

And yet it was, in some sad measure, my own fault.

Pheobus had been made Captain of the Guard. A ball was to be given in his honor and he bade me go with him. I begged him not to do so mad a thing. I made excuses that I had no gown but Phoebus was masterful and had his way with me.

He must and would, on the night honoring him, take the fairest lady in all France to the ball. It was his heart's desire and who was I that I should hold from him his least desire?

Jehan saw us go into the home of the nobles. He told Clopin and they followed us to the house . . .

I would avoid recording that scene. After all, time is so short with me. Even now—the shadow of the axe—

Chapter 12
DEATH MY ONLY RIVAL

Phoebus had given me into the care of two serving women and for the first time in my life I was dressed as—as a noblewoman. It was curious how much at home I felt. More at home than in my gypsy rags.

And not only at home but happy when Phoebus came to lead me into the ballroom and told me again that I was the most beautiful woman in all of France . . . Madame de Gondelaurier and her daughter did not agree with Pheobus, I take it. Pheobus was in a manner engaged to Fleur de Lys, the daughter of Madame, before he and I had looked upon one another. She, Mademoiselle Fleur de Lys, was beautiful and fair, but somehow I felt no fear of her. Death was my only rival –even then.

We were in the ballroom when Clopin and his "people" came in. A terrific scene was impending, bloodshed and danger to my Prince Charming when I announced that I no longer cared for Phoebus. Ah, I know now how bravely women lie! Even there, among his friends, and with the infuriated Clopin and his friends threatening them all with death, even then Phoebus pleaded with me to convess our love.

And they say that I killed him! I! It seems to me that I shall smile upon the chopping-block at that absurdity. For I shall smile. With me the block shall be but the doorway to something perhaps better than this life. Our love has robbed the knife of all its pain.

But to get back: After that scene with Clopin in the home of Madame, I determined to enter

In his hands he holds his most prized possessions, his candles. These he is willing to sell to buy beautiful things for the Gypsy girl who seems the most beautiful thing in the world to him—next to his beloved Cathedral.

Now, half-wittedly, little realizing he is doing wrong, Quasimodo does the bidding of the evil Jehan and accosts the lovely Esmeralda.

the Holy Church. There, in the garb of the nuns, I might find peace among those who must foreswear all passion. I told Phoebus I would meet him once again in the holy garden of Notre Dame.

Then, in the moonlight, before I knew it—a stab in the back, and Phoebus lay at my feet . . .

Chapter 13
"A MAMMOTH GRAVEYARD"

I do not fear the ax. It cannot come too soon. Now I know that I am separate from Clopin and his "people". The world and all its causes, lost and found, is but a mammoth graveyard to my heart, a mammoth graveyard monumenting my poor dead Phoebus . . . Poor human things . . . Phoebus who loved me not wisely but too well . . . Clopin with his knotted passionate soul . . . Jehan with that rat-like slime in his eyes . . . Quasimodo communing with the bells of Notre Dame . . . At last, at last—young as I am, made old and wise by love, I see that they go to the same goal by the varying paths of hate and love . . .

I have been taken away to rest. And after I have written these last words I shall rest well.

The day came when they took me to the block. Ah, bruised heart of the world and mockery of the "justice" of Mankind, what suffering I knew as I was led along the streets of Paris! And yet, it was not so much for myself that I bled as for the men who were doing this thing to me. It came to me how much of beauty men can kill for ugliness and pain. Pheobus, so young to die, and I so young to follow him—and so glad within . . .

Before I came to die they gave me leave to pray as is their custom upon the doorstep of Notre Dame. From within the great cathedral there came the chiming of the bells. The bells that told all Paris another victim was going to execution.

The bells that were being rung by Quasimodo. I thought of him, of his poor blind soul within his monstrous body. I thought of the stricken pity of his face and of the awful longing in his half-blinded eyes when they beheld my face. Because I had laid upon his misshapen self a kindly hand, he gave me the isolated love of his poor maltreated heart! Poor Quasimodo, that his should be the hand to ring my death knell! I prayed that he might never know what victim he was tolling to the grave!

Chapter 14
SNATCHED FROM THE AX

But he knew and he saved me!

His task done, he bent, as was his habit, over the parapet of Notre Dame to watch, with the other spectators, the demise of another "victim". I could imagine, I can imagine now, how he must have chuckled when he knew that another of his tormentors was going into extinction, for all the world and all the men and women in the world were his tormentors to Quasimodo.

And then he must have seen me! I wasn't so much a girl, victimized and unbefriended to Quasimodo; I was a soft hand that had touched his repulsive flesh and a kind face that had shone down to him out of the murky mists that hovered like a dark cloud, shadowing his dull mind.

His whole distorted soul concentrated.

All the disrupted elements in him came together, so Dom Claude has explained to me, and down

When they filmed the story of Chaney's life, MAN OF 1,000 FACES, this was the way James Cagney portrayed Quasimodo.

The "thin" Hunchback, slimmest of them all, was Anthony Quinn.

Quasimodo seems to grow more "human" with each interpretation. When last seen in 1957, he was not nearly as shocking as Lon Chaney. Still, not quite the kind of boy a girl would want to take home to mother—unless mother was a Munster.

Quinn-modo goes to his cruel fate.

the rope that led to the execution block, down from the dizzy height of Notre Dame, quietly, quietly, like a cat, swiftly, swiftly, came the Hunchback. Before I, before Dom Claude in the doorway, before the executioner or any of the crowd were aware of the grotesque blur against the sky, Quasimodo was upon me, had carried me within the sacred precincts of the Holy Church.

"SANCTUARY!" he cried.

One cannot violate sanctuary. While I was within Notre Dame the executioner's ax was powerless.

Poor Quasimodo, how he tended me there! How he took his treasures—his treasured candles—and sold them that he might buy me a velvet robe for my body and slippers edged with fur for my feet! How he slept outside my door and awoke at my lightest footfall to gaze upon me with the enormity of his worship and subjection. I came to have an odd fondness for the slumbering mass that was Quasimodo. Under that massive flesh something splendid stirred from its ghoulish dreams . . .

Clopin was planning my salvation. Quasimodo had been *there*, at the Court of Miracles.

Chapter 15
OF MEN AND FLAME AND DEATH

And then the End. The horrifying, sensational, tragic end . . . for all but me!

Clopin and his "people" bombarded Notre Dame. They had heard that I was in sanctuary there, awaiting a new trial, and had come to "save" me. They arrived with burning spears and swords, with pillage and destruction in their soul. The nobles were called out; the King's Guard and the opposing forces met at the entrance to Notre Dame.

Quasimodo and I watched the broiling madness of men and flame and death far beneath us. To me it meant only that Pheobus was dead but to Quasimodo it meant that some body of men was daring to desecrate the Cathedral.

Once again the twisted elements within his contorted body came together, this time to destroy rather than save, although no doubt he would have confused the two and said—could he have said—that the one time he saved me, whom he loved, and the next time he saved Notre Dame, which he loved even more, I think.

Ah, nightmare scene of horror!

Blocks of granite beyond the power of man to move an inch, with superhuman strength he carried them to the parapets and pushed them over, crushing those unfortunates beneath upon whose unsuspecting bodies they fell.

A huge length of lumber he grasped in his gnarled hands, staggered to the rail of the Cathedral, heaved the heavy wood upon the heads of those at the base of the church . . . and a moment later cries of anguish rose to the heavens as broken bodies writhed beneath the great weight that pinned them to the ground like butterflies.

Then Clopin's people seized upon the length of wood with glad cries of "The Hunchback" has sent us a battering ram!" and began to break down the Cathedral door.

Chapter 16
QUASIMODO AMOK

At this Quasimodo went berserk. He all but

Trussed up like an animal, the Hunchback looks to heaven for mercy.

threw himself upon the mob. Quasimodo knew nothing of Japanese fighters' suicidal *kamikaze* death dives, for these mad acts of war were not yet to come for centuries; but he almost sacrificed his life in a lethal leap upon those massed below. No doubt he would have thought it well worth his life could he but wipe out a handful of the barbarians who were intent on entering the Cathedral.

Now a wild inspiration seized the wild creature. *The molten pots of metal!* He pushed first one, then another, to the edge of the parapet . . . tipped them over . . .and a rain of fiery liquid fell in scalding sheets on the thick-packed press of humanity!

The people fell like flies before a furnace blast, moths massacred by the scorching breath of a desert sandstorm as the red-hot "soup" of lead spilled upon their writing, shriveling, perishing bodies.

Screams of pain split the air, dying moans of torment from the fatally burned.

High above, like a living gargoyle in his eyrie, Quasimodo danced an ape-like dance of exultation and beat his drum-like chest with savage satisfaction.

It was an incredible scene of horror: that awful twisted figure silhouetted against the glaring, bloody sky, an engine of hate pouring over great buckets of molten metal, staggering back and forth to the parapets, teetering perilously on that high ridge of destruction.

Quasimodo—triumphant!

Chapter 17
DEATH OF A VILLAIN

But while he vented his rage and hatred on his tormenters below, a dark scene was being enacted elsewhere: suddenly the sinister Jehan confronted me and made plain his intentions to have me for his own.

I fought Jehan as best I could but my feeble strength was no match for his masculine determination.

I thought I would faint in horror when—suddenly—Quasimodo, bless his tortured soul, missed

Chained to the pillory, where the sands of time trickle s-l-o-w-l-y.

me . . . and came to my rescue. When his eye lit on Jehan and surmised the harm he meant me, the transformation in Quasimodo was apalling to behold. His nostrils flared. His bloodshot eye bulged. He snarled with the ghastly grimace of an unleashed jungle beast.

Then—he *pounced.*

He leapt upon the cowering Jehan like a wild thing bereft of his senses. He shook the craven coward like a rag doll. Smashed him to the floor. Dragged him to his feet again. Clutched him, carried him to the rim of the parapet, lifted him high over his head . . . and then . . .

The treacherous Jehan *stabbed* Quasimodo! Once . . . twice . . . the deep blade of the dagger drank blood to its hilt.

Over Quasimodo's horrible face there spread an awful expression of disbelief.

A life for a life! He flung the damnable murderer from him, watched him fall, like a black spider, in a wide arc to his dreadful death on the rough cobblestones below.

Chapter 18
QUASIMODO'S LAST ACT

For me, it was a moment of supreme horror, followed by a moment of supreme joy: Phoebus appeared—*alive!* At first I thought him a phantom a conjured vision of my fevered imagination which had been so sorely tried by the events of the past hour. But no—my dearest lived, a miracle whose explanation I was later to learn. Then, it mattered only that he was there, as if resurrected from the grave.

Quasimodo saw—and cringed as though from salt rubbed in fresh wounds. But then he made a sign, a sign of pathetic understanding, of forgiveness that it was not he for whom I felt the ultimate love.

And he crawled away to die. To the bells, his beloved bells. He tolled his own death-knell, told the world that Quasimodo the ugly, the unwanted, the unloved and hate-haunted, was quitting life.

One last labored breath and he slumped in a heap and expired.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame was dead. **END**

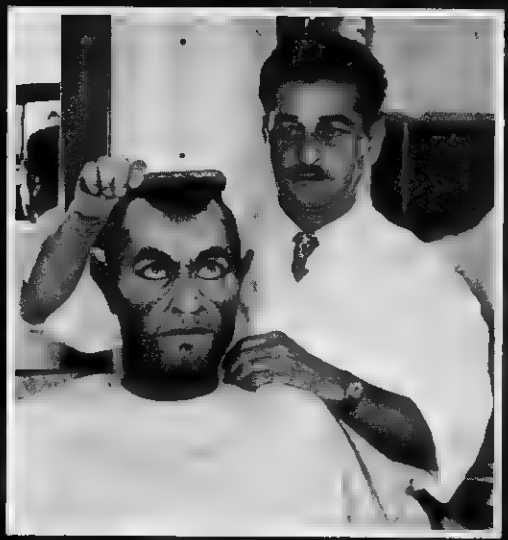
CAPTURING THE CATMAN

caught in the act!!!

A realistic crop of whiskers has been pasted onto his smooth neck, chin & cheeks. Next, the make-up artist builds his ears up to a point to give him that look of cat-like evil.

The streets of Paris were deserted, Parisian nights haunted, when THE CATMAN OF PARIS prowled! This was back in 1946 when Republic released its were-cat thriller. Robert Wilke played the man in feline monster form and here in this graphic series of make-up close-ups we reveal to you what an actor has to undergo in order to be transformed from a human into an inhuman being.

Dental rejects! Actor inspects fang-like dentures with look of dismay. When they're installed in his mouth, fitting over his own teeth, his appearance will be considerably changed—for the worse.



To offset his bushy eyebrows, catman now gets "grue"-cut & low-forehead hair-do styling. Human hair is added to his own, stuck on by spirit gum, in order to give him that sinister appearance.

Catman Wilke congratulates Make-up Artist Mark on aCATemy Award-winning job!

HORRORWOOD

YOU are there as the werewolves & zombies make their ghast appearances

Remember Vampira? That's she, on the right, as she appears today. Prince of Players Price is reaching in his pocket for a bawl-point pen for Vampira. (She wanted Frankie's autograph.)

SCREAMIERE

When they opened THE TOMB OF LIGEIA, everybody was there but the author.

Bloodred arclights pointed crimson fingers at the man in the moon. It was a full moon and a full house.

Vincent Price arrived in a horse-drawn hearse, closely followed by Vampira in a *bat*-tery operated hearse.

Jeeper's Keeper made one of his rare poisonal appearances. "Jeep" came in a—jeep, what else?

Vincent Price wonders where they dug up this old acquaintance of his, as the Extinguished Guest arrives in well re-hearsed scene in front of theater premiering THE TOMB OF LIGEIA.

Hunchback of Notre Dame, sporting a Don Post mask, was Mark Shepard, one of the youngest active members of the Count Dracula Society and scripter of special material for local terrorvision show. Original vampire lady "Luna" Borland looks over his shoulder and unidentified individual at left wears gruesome Forrest J. Ackerman Grinning Ghoul mask.

Frankenstein & Friend. (Friend was premiere's announcer, popular Hollywood disc jockey Larry McCormick of radio station KFWB.)

"Jeep" is the rich man's TV creep of Los Angeles, the local *dusk* jockey who sleeps in his padded coffin by day and emerges by night to add to the fright of the horror films which are revived (a favorite word of vampires & zombies) once a week on his not-for-the-weak terrorvision show. "Jeep" was looking in his usual poor health, with his pasty white face resembling shade #5 of LePage's glue, his eyes all bloodshot (looked like he'd had too many shots of blood) and his hair neatly combed with a toothless comb, which is a neat trick if you can do it. The toothless comb matched his mouth, which resembled the shape of things to gum.

The Pride of Frankenstein (his Bride!) was there in the person of Elsa Lanchester, and Carroll "Luna" Borland of MARK OF THE VAMPIRE fame came in her famous two's-company-three's-a-shroud outfit. Carroll always makes a hit on her personal appearances—especially with the bat she carries.

Scores of *FM* fans were recognizable in the crowd and others were *un*recognizable behind make-up & masks such as are shown on these pages.

Vincent Price was there; Verne Langdon, representing the Don Post Monster Mask Studios; and, of course, hundreds of autograph seekers.

There were radio interviews and prizes and THE TOMB OF LIGEIA was opened every 2 hours all nite long.

A nite a throng of Los Angeles filmonster fans will long remember! **END**

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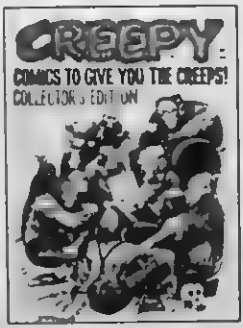

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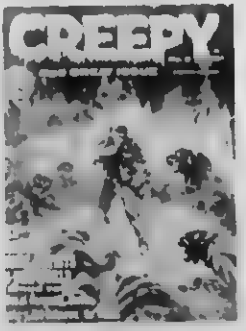

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CARRY ON, MONSTERS

OR, GOSH THOSE GIRLS GET HEAVY!

to be scary--

"*To be scary, you gotta carry!*

That is the motto for he-men monsters recently proposed by Cary Granite.

Who he?

He be the heebee-jeebee president of the world-wide secret organization known only to the selected few as—

The Ancient & Horrible Order for the Prevention of Cruelty to Monsters, Fiends, Witches, Vampires, Mummies, Ghouls, Gorgons, Mad Doctors, Vampires, Creatures from Outer Space, Things from Inner Space, Its from Water Space, Ids from Psycho Space, Blobs, Robots, Androids & Slimy Things That Go Slurp in the Night!

Or, so it can be remembered more easily, handily abbreviated to its convenient economy-size short form: TA&HOPCMFWVMGGMDVCOSTISIWSIPSBRA&STTGSITN. (Warning! Do not pronounce this abbreviation backwards. One monster fan attempted to do so and his tongue fell out.)

Are *you* a member of the TA&HOPetc?

If you aren't, consider yourself lucky.

If you are, we consider you plucky.

We joined.

Now look at the condition *we're* in!

carry me back to Old Virginia

In order to pass the Entrance Exam and qualify for the initiation rites, each prospective "thing" must carry off a girl.

Her last words before fainting were, "It's a burn wrap!" (Universal '43.)

"Nextime I'm going to let the Wolfman carry his own food!" (From FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN, Universal, 1943.)

Any old girl.

Take old Virginia, for instance.

You've heard of Virginia, haven't you? Virginia Vague? At least vaguely? She's the girl who screams & faints when the director or still photographer tells her to.

Of course, sometimes, Virginia—who in this case may be known as Mae Clarke or Fay Wray—doesn't have to be told to faint, she just does what comes naturally when she first sees the Frankenstein monster or the King-size KONG.

no carrying charge

The first rule of monsterish carry-offism is that the creature *must* carry off the maiden in distress. Or dat dress.

And carry her off *well*

No one really cares *where* they carry her off to, it's *how* that makes 'em howl, 'cuz, after all, whether it's to Dracula's dungeon or a dinosaur's pad, chances are 1,000,000 to none that the hero will rescue her in the nick of time—heroes' have a knack for that sort of thing—and drive a stake thru the vampire's heart (this is known as a wooden performance) or blow up the brontosaurus with grenades, explosive bullets, mortar shells & chemical bombs. As Brenda Saurus said as she was being blown to bits, "That's show blitz!"

with flaying colors--

This month's applicants for dis-membership in

"But, senorita, this is the way all the *American* vampires carry on!" (EL CASTILLO DE LOS MONSTRUOS—THE CASTLE OF MONSTERS.)

the Etc. Society obviously passed muster. (Note to printer: that word is *not* mustard.)

The evidence is plain as the nose on Pinocchio's face: just look any place in this article and you'll see that the monsters have got their hands full.

Ye Editor was recently invited to visit the herd-quarters of the Etc. Society. Naturally, for such an unusual occasion, he brought along his staff Photographer, altho he was a bit reluctant to give up photographing staffs to take pictures of other —*things*.

But, in the words of Dread Skeleton, "We dood it!"

one down--

Contestant #1 is named Kharistopher or, as his friends (?) call him, "Kharis". ("Of Kharis, they are just Pharaoh-weather friends," chides that old—like 3700 years—punster, Im-ho-ho-tep.) Kharis got permission from his Mummy to carry off Ramsay Ames.

But he forgot to ask Miss Ames how she felt about playing games.

However, it apparently didn't matter tomb much.

On the other hand, she *was* unconscious and *might* have minded if she had been able to look at Kharis without being blinded by his beauty. Just before passing out she was heard to observe, "A handsome man is one thing but being all wrapped up in oneself is something to be ragged about."

"An android's work is never done!" complains Andy. Ed Wolff as THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK, Paramount, 1958.

In PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, Tor Johnson looks unhappy at job he has on his hands. "I didn't planet this way!" he claims.

--two to go--

And next in line happened to be our old fiend Frankie. Having had several "decayeds" of experience in this line of work, he was able to carry off a girl with one hand tied behind his back.

Of course, it helps when the girl is as light as a feather in your arms. A girl, for instance, like Ilona Massey.

(Son of Raymond Massey?)

Don't be ridiculous!

But then a big scandal developed and Big Frankie was expelled. That Egyptian Im-ho, who was envious of his top honors, blabbed to Frank's instructor that Frank was underage. Hadn't reached the minimum yet—300.

Like, tough toenails.

--three to get warty--

The entry from South of the Border was Batista de Guillermo Elistachio Sanguine Gomez, El Vampiro.

All his friends call him "Bat, the Magic Vampire".

And why not?—every one of them is as flighty as a fruitfly.

Anyhowl, to make a short story long, after Bat returned we learned that the senorita he carried off was missing.

One thing peculiar: when Bat flew back to Mexico, he took an extra trunk with him . . .

four to glow!

The 4th applicant signed his name in the Ghast Book:

COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK.

We don't know why.

Maybe it was because he came from New York?

Come to think of it, we do seem to remember his speaking with a Bronx accent but he might have been suffering from Bronxitis at the time. Rusty throat, no doubt. Robots should never forget to drink distilled water.

When we asked the inventor Rossum what he thought of the Colossus steeling off with the girl, he answered: "It was predictable—after all, what do you expect of a man with an iron constitution?"

and the monsters still pursued her!

Before our very eyes—the full moon glaring over our heads was so bright that we had to put on moon-glasses—the rest of the eerie applicants marched on.

Those, that is, who didn't shamble, amble, lope or leap.

Each with girls in their arms.

Or tentacles.

Or claws.

We met our old friends, too.

There was Man Mountain Tor (Jolly Johnson), carting around a girl all nite and still unable to find a resting place for her. Apparently all the

Things are looking black for Julie Adams as it's back to the old lagoon with Gill. (CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, Universal, 1954.)

Even amateurs get into the act! Here Ronald Quinn as THE ALIEN in his own home movie does the classic Carry On bit.

"Then there was this ape who opened up a shoe-polishing parlor. He called his establishment Monkey Shines."

graves were rented not a single Vacant sign in any cemetary.

And there was Blacky LaGoon, whom we hadn't seen since our last trick along the Amazon. You probably think we mean "trek" but if you ever tried to find that Black Creature in that big dark jungle you'd realize you have to be a magician!

Blacky's now operating an exclusive restaurant down by the sea. "Do drop in," he said, and from the way he cocked his eyebrow (or would have cocked his eyebrow if he had brows) we wondered just how he meant that.

Drop in the ocean?

Or drop in -as food!

runners-up, in dis-order

We had a chance to revisit one of our favorite "things"—The Faceless Man—who talked awhile with us.

"If he has no face," you ask, "how can he talk?"

Well, he *did* have a face once. Till he lost it.

It was a Poker face so where did he lose it? In a poker game, where else.

He was married to an Indian girl named Poker Hauntus but he poked her once too often.

"eye owe you"-- signed, Cyclops

The newest of the applicants was The Alien.

At first we thought something was alien him but then we realized the reason he looked "different" was because he had only one eye. Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

Simplified his work, too. When he says "I'm keeping an eye on the girl I'm running around with," boy, he really means it!

carry on, konga!

And last but not the least beast was -Konga. Aping the others, he grabbed himself a girl too. Carried her all the way to Picadilly Circus but about that time he got tired & hungry and dropped her. Reached out and picked—no, not a dilly; that would have put him in a silly pickle—but a . . .

Banana!

Which he ate with relish.

And a British accent!

Have you ever heard a 2-storey tall chimp champing on a bahnahnah?

***

And so, as we leave the joyous land of the TA&HOPCMFWVMGGMDVCOSTISIWSIPS-BRA&STTGSITN, we bid all our new members a fond farewell until nextime.

Nextime?

Nextime!

For, if you haven't died laffing at Part I of "Carry On, Monster!", we'll be back to take another crack at your funnybone in Part II.

As the super-tiny Aelina twins said when mighty Mothra flapped her wings and flew off with them to her mysterious island, "Can we help it if we're carried away by the subject?"

TO BE CONTINUED

There is no truth to the rumor that the Stone Man was played by Rock Hudson. (CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN, United Artists, 1958.)

[illegible] victim of premature burial!

MIDNIGHT

the human heart doth quake when waxen figures might awake!

by Tony R. Wayman

The following has been extracted from a tape, recorded live—but just barely—in the Chamber of Horrors in San Francisco's House of Wax. The experiences recorded have been discussed by the author on the ABC Television & ABC Radio Stations, and have been written up by the San Francisco News-Call Bulletin. *This word-for-word report has been written exclusively for* Famous Monsters.

"THE place . . . . the Chamber of Horrors in the House of Wax on San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. The time . . . . midnight. Tony R. Wayman speaking. I'm to spend the night here, from midnight till dawn, locked in, alone, and without light. I don't yet know what my reactions will be. I'm supplied with coffee, cookies & some sandwiches. And I have small flashlight, very small it seems to me, in this dark . . . . a mere pinpoint. I have two things to read: a magazine, *Famous Monsters of Filmland,* and "The World's Greatest Ghost stories". These I'm to read during the night hours.

"WHAT are my immediate reactions? Well, I find that I have a certain reluctance to turn the torch onto some of the more horrific exhibits surrounding me. Just behind me, slung between two trees, is an upside-down male person about to be torn apart, as soon as the cord holding down the spring-like trees is cut. On my right, as I face the greasy-looking blank wall, hangs a man in an iron cage, or at least, what remains of a man. To my left, two grave-robbers, Burke & Hare, are attempting to dig up a female corpse. Just around the corner, somewhere, Dracula is poised, with his latest bride in his arms.

"ON MY way to the rest-room, should I venture there, I shall have to pass the French Guillotine, complete in every blood-drenched detail, and the Frankenstein Monster is in a little alcove further on.

"THE building is sound-proofed and I can hear no traffic outside. The rest of the House of Wax is thickly carpeted but the floor of the Chamber appears to be of rough damp concrete. The only thing I can hear at the moment is the echoing sound of my own voice, sounding a trifle hollow, and the ticking of my alarm clock, which will keep me company thru my vigil.

"THROUGHOUT the night, until that time of dawn that sends vampires & werewolves back to their restless resting places, I shall be taking note, on my tapes, of my reactions, mental & physical.

"AT THE moment I feel a little uneasy, possibly, but the night shadows don't press too heavily upon me, as yet . . . . . it is too soon to turn off the torch.

"PRESENTLY I shall walk around the corridors of the Chamber of Horrors, illuminating with my flashlight several of the figures, to see how they look with a small pin-point of light spotlighting them. Other than this, I have no set plan at all.

"WHAT am I doing in this situation? Well, I have a few short stories & a novelet to write, and also a couple of screenplays, all of them requiring an eerie background, and this is one way of finding out at first hand how a character *would* react in what *could* be a disconcerting situation, surrounded by corpses & monsters & bodies in various stages of dismemberment. Even if they are only wax! . . . . but . . . . are they only wax? . . . .

"I GUESS I'm also talking at the moment to give myself some kind of companionship. I still haven't yet settled into the evening. I may try to doze off, later on, in which case my clock's alarm will be set so that once again I may test my reactions on waking up in this place in the dark . . . .

"INSIDE of the Chamber of Horrors, one thing disturbs me; deeper in the heart of the place, there is an alcove in which *some* figure should obviously be. There is a discolored rectangular patch where a sign has been but now there's no sign and no figure. I *expect* that the model has been taken for renovations . . . . I hope, I hope, I hope! I want no Wandering Willie Werewolves around *here,* tonight! . . . .

"NOW that all the visitors have left, the lights

turned off and the heating system adjusted, the building seems to be settling itself down for the night. The woodwork creaks a little, and I think some metal work, somewhere, is expanding or contracting. Not happy sounds, so soon after midnight. I hope I get used to them.

"STILL only 15 minutes past midnight! This is going to be a long, long night. Mr. Fong, the proprietor of the House of Wax, who arranged this vigil for me, has made sure that I don't renege on the deal by insuring that should I open any of the doors—for instance those which cover the main light boxes, or the main doors of the building—the burglar alarm will go off. This alarm is apparently connected with the nearest police station, and should it go off, then I will be inundated with, oh . . . . policemen with guns, and dogs & things. And I'd hate to meet them in this place. Maybe they'd also hate to meet me! . . . .

"DIFFICULTIES with food. I find, as I eat a sandwich, that I fear a hand may creep into view and a voice ask me for a bite. But, no; I'm lucky so far. Pouring coffee presents a problem. I have a vacuum flask and a thin red plastic cup. This requires two hands . . . . what do I do with the torch? If I place it on a high surface, it may roll off and break, and leave me with no light.

"ON THE other hand, if I place the torch on the floor and point it at the red plastic cup, I get a very unwelcome reddish glow . . . .

"WELL, I've been reading the foreword in my ghost book. It's quite interesting . . . . tells about the reactions of people reading ghost books, and how reading about them makes the reader actually prepared for an acceptance of the reality of ghosts, and things that walk in the night. Yes . . . . another not so comforting thought.

"ALSO I find that while I'm reading, in my little circle of light, my eye keeps wandering to the edge of that circle. Just in case, you understand!

"ANOTHER interesting thing I've noticed is that my briefcase, in which my spare tapes are kept, is immediately under The Man In The Cage, and when I went to take a tape out just now, I was struck with the idea: "What if something should drip on me . . . . what would I do then I wonder!"

"The sound of the clock I find is very comforting. What I'd do if it stopped I don't know. I can't stop it, so that's OK! I could, of course, take it to another part of the Museum, but . . . . uhuh . . . . chicken!"

"HERE I am, still alive & kicking. 12:45, and nothing has happened so far . . . . which is just as well!"

"TEN minutes late. Well, I've braved it, and flashed my light on these, uh, people who are going to spend the night with me. There's the gentleman in his cage, his clawed hand sticking out, pointing at something . . . . never, I hope, at me. And, here's the guy handing upside down, bare from the waist up. Or, since he's inverted, I suppose you'd say he's bare from the waist down. Anyway, his arms are tied behind his back, so he presents no real danger.

"OVER here are Burke & Hare, as large as life, and just as busy, engaged in robbing a grave . . . . with a very scrawny female corpse in it. Just as long as they stay put, that's all I ask."

"WELL, I think it's about time I took a complete trip around the Chamber, to see what's happening. Nothing, I hope! It's after one in the morning now—getting along into the graveyard shift, in fact. Here I go . . . . I just hope that everything is here *exactly* as I left it, when I get back!

"HERE'S Marat, infamous anti-hero of the French Revolution, staring back from his blood-flecked bath into the beam of my torch with his not-quite-dead eyes. I'd enjoy a nice hot bath right now but I don't think I'll ask him to move over . . . .

"A MINOR shock . . . . I've been examining the Guillotine at close quarters, since I'm free to move right in with the exhibits here tonight, and bent down to study the head of the character who is laid out on the block, with the slanting knife posed above. I didn't notice, till I almost put my hand on it, that there is *already* a head nested bloodily in the basket below. I wish these glittering eye-balls wouldn't look so life-like or the white skins so pale & soapy . . . .

"I'M CREEPING up on Dracula now; I just hope he doesn't have the same idea. His hair is a little wild but otherwise he's dressed & groomed like a perfect gentleman. The girl-victim in his arms is finely gowned, too. Mmmmmm . . . . now that's strange . . . . something is hissing gently around here, like a leaky gas-tap . . . . almost like breathing. Sheesh! it *is* breathing . . . . the girl in Dracula's arms, she's breathing. Aw, now! This has *got* to be a gimmick! Let's, cautiously, touch her. Phew! Yup, she's a wax model, thank heaven; with some kind of a motor inside her, I guess. Left on by my *very* good friend, Mr. Fong, I imagine. I've read about this sort of situation in murder mysteries, where the hero finds a *real* body where a wax one should be.

"I FIND, on closer examination, that the girl's legs are jointed, too, so that if there is any kind of a draft, they will swing gently. My so ingenious Mr. Fong! That's a surprise I didn't expect . . . . I hope there's no more.

"AND here's a guy who's got himself into real trouble . . . . right up to his neck in sand. Apparently he's being buried alive. He looks as tho he's trying to tell me something . . . . just as long as he doesn't, I'll be happy to feel sorry for him, silently.

"I'VE just passed the mysterious alcove and am I *glad* to tell *you* that no one and no thing has slunk back in there since I last came by! But where is my Wandering Boy tonight?

"THERE is a queer kind of noise reaction in this place. Any sound gives off what I can only call a non-echoing echo. What I mean is that the sounds of my footsteps seem as tho they *want* to echo but get cut off. Most peculiar sound effect, I must say.

"INTERESTING reaction #1. Altho I don't feel scared, the hand which is holding the torch is shaking & trembling, and I can't control it. Is this a subconscious reaction of my mind or my body? Just can't force it to be still. Well, let's see . . . . there're a few more hours yet.

"HERE are three guys clawing their way out of Alcatraz, a recreation of the only successful escape, I believe. Hope they don't mistake their directions in the dark.

"NOW I'm in the dark, cloth-draped alcove with Frankenstein's Monster. Now, he doesn't affect me half so much as the more human-looking figures. I'm just examining him close up. It's amazing how lifelike this flesh is. Small hairs on the

Count Waxula, Son of Dracula!

chin, where they have been planted, and then shaved off. What a lot of work, all to re-create a character created by the mind of a fictitious character created in turn by Mary Shelley.

"NOTICED reaction #2 while I'm strolling around, and when I'm not speaking into this mike and recording, I'm humming a tune to myself. Whistling in the graveyard, I guess. Strange to be able to confirm at first hand the descriptions & reactions of a writer's imagination. One does in fact tremble, and one does whistle or, at least, hum.

"JUST taking a look at the official guide book of this place, and read that: "The Chamber of Horrors is recommended only for interested adults." *Now* they tell me!

"NEARLY 2 o'clock, and all's well. So far, everyone's behaved very nicely . . . . no one's moved, no one's walked or even winked. Nobody's dropped anything. So far, so good . . . . so far.

"I'VE just paid a visit to the rest room. On the way back I passed the still empty alcove, and a gentleman who is hanging upside down, suspended on a hook, which is sharp and goes in thru one side of his body and out thru the other . . . . like a fishing worm. This, so the guide book tells me, is an old Algerian form of torture. Some people have lived to tell the tale . . . . but right now I'm not interested to hear it! This scene is a particularly gory piece of work so I've spent a couple of minutes examining it closely, with the flashlight, just to get my imagination stimulated nicely.

"I'VE discovered reaction #3, that my mind is furiously trying not to think about this project at all. When I'm not recording, or humming, I'm thinking to myself, as tho keeping up both sides of a conversation. My mind just hasn't taken the thing in, which is why I'm still . . . . undisturbed? . . . . shall we say?

"WELL, I've just spent 10 minutes thumbing thru *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, which contains large pictures of Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster, the Wolfman and others. Almost like 'old home' week. Maybe one day these characters around here will be thumbing thru a magazine devoted to me!

"NOW I'm going to read my ghost book, and have a few more sandwiches & coffee, and compose myself for sleep. I hope. Then, presidently . . . . there, I'm getting nervous, obviously, tho I don't feel it—*presently* I'll record some thoughts on going to sleep, and then sign off till the morning.

"TIME now is 2:35. Just finished eating some sandwiches . . . . chicken & ham. Must say that tho they were enjoyable, cheese would have been preferable. This cooked flesh conjures up certain unwelcome thoughts & mind-pictures . . . . A cup of hot black coffee, which may or may not keep me awake, and that's it.

"NOW I begin to hear little rustling noises which might be caused by the draft, or by mice

No Museum of Horrors could be complete without Mary Shelley's brain-child, that pain-child known as . . . Frankenstein!

. . . . or anything else, for that matter. While I was reading just now I came across an excellent short story, told in 200 words or less. It concerns a guy who is going home one evening. Night is falling . . . . he's going over the moors. He has about 10 miles to go . . . . mist is rolling in; he takes the shortest path, which leads over the hills. He knows the way, he's been here many a time. The moon begins to shine thru the clouds and lights his way a little thru the mist. After covering a lot of ground, he starts thinking to himself (as I have discovered one actually does, carrying on a conversation). And he's thinking: 'Why should I worry? What have I to fear? If this place is evil, am I not an upright & godly man who holds no traffic with evil?' He continues to think to himself: 'If wicked spirits can have power over such as me, then there'd be no justice in it!' 'That's true,' says a voice behind him, 'there wouldn't!' End of story . . . . and that's *just* exactly the kind of tale I need on a night like this, in a place like this.

"SETTLING down now. Thank God for the clock . . . . without the slight noise that it makes, I think I would be in worse shape. Complete silence would get to me; even the silence when I'm walking around the corridors of the Chamber of Horrors itself . . . . the silence there is of stifling, stuffy, *dead* air. There's no circulation . . . . but if there isn't, where is the draft coming from? Maybe I'll go look a little later . . . . and maybe I won't.

"2:45. I find that I've already smoked 7 cigarets. That and the coffee . . . . perhaps that explains why my heart is racing. It is . . . . I can feel my pulse. It isn't that I feel nervous in myself, consciously . . . . But my body seems determined to give my subconscious mind's secrets away.

"I'LL try to sleep now . . . .

"FIVE minutes later, and I still don't feel sleepy I've been reading; I suppose I'm trying to put off the turning off of this light. I'll have to do it sooner or later . . . . so . . . . here goes . . . . "

- - - - - - - - - -

"TEN past four in the morning, and the experiment, the experience, has been a success, so far as getting reactions is concerned. *My* reactions, anyway . . . . I don't know about my horrible companions here. They're just not saying! A close-mouthed bunch, they are.

"NOTHING startling happened, unless all the excitement went on while I was asleep. My alarm has just gone off and it seems as if I haven't slept at all. Perhaps I did doze but memory tells me that my mind continued to think thru the past 3 hours or so.

"MY REACTIONS on trying to go to sleep . . . . ? Well, I closed my eyes before I switched the flashlight off, then found that I was more than reluctant to open my eyes in the dark. Eventually

This character's playing cagey.

There must be an easier way to dig up a date.

I did, of course, to find that instead of my eyes becoming used to the dark, the dark here in the Chamber of Horrors is pitch black. It is *really* dark. Not one thing can be seen in this dark at all. Not even my hand in front of my face; nor anyone else's hand.

"I MUST admit here that the main thought running through my mind was: 'What if Mr. Fong or a friend is hanging around in here just to throw a scare into me?' But I had no real fear that *something* in the night would lay its hand on me. Tho, once again, I noticed my pulse rate had increased, my heart pounded, my mouth & lips dried up, and my imagination ran riot, despite my own inward thinking on the subject.

"DURING the night, a couple of outside sounds filtered thru. A hollow, mournful sound which I guess was a foghorn from a ship near the waterfront here, and once, the muffled whine of a low-flying jet. Nothing very scary actually happened tho I hesitate to think what might have been the case had a cat or a dog or some other small animal been loose in the place all night.

"THOUGHTS on waking up alone, in the dark, in this place? I can't really say. It seems I never really went to sleep. What it would need to get a true reaction to this, of course, is to go to sleep in some other place, and to be transported, unknowing, in the night to this dark corner of the Chamber. Fear of the dark, plus fear of the unknown, plus the touch of some of these cold figures . . . . that would be something else again!

"MOST people claim not to be superstitious; they're not scared of the dark . . . . nothing can happen, nothing walks at night, wax figures don't come to life, there are no such things as ghosts, walking thru graveyards is not disturbing. This is only the veneer of intellect, however, which is presented to the world by the rational, reasoning mind. But somewhere far down inside . . . . primitive . . . . animal . . . . is the dread of what *might* be; the fear of phantoms of the mind; the darkling doubt which inspired the Cornish Prayer: 'From ghosties & ghoullies & long-legged beasties, *and things that go bump in the night*—Good Lord Deliver us!'" **END**

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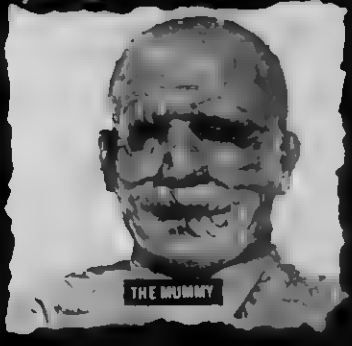
COUNT DRACULA

MR. HYDE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RORSVILLE... HEADLINES FROM

The New Year started out very sadly for Claude (The Invisible Man) Rains whose wife, after an illness of 11 months, died of cancer on the last day of 1964. We are certain that the readers of this magazine extend their heartfelt sympathy to this beloved character actor. To comfort him in his loss he has 3 children: Christopher, Angela & Schuyler.

Claude Rains

From out of The Twilight Zone and back into feature filmaking, Rod Serling has been reported talking with the Powers That Be at Paramount Studios about making a 3-in-1 thriller, a full-length picture for theatrical release.

Check your newsstand for a paperback put together by this magazine's editor. It's called (what else?) MONSTERS and features all kinds of creepy creature stories by A.E. van Vogt. "Van", by the way, has done a monster story that he's offering to the movies, called . . . THAT!

Actor Allen Fife tells us he believes he's come up with an idea for a new classic horror character, one as scary & durable as the Mummy, the Wolfman & Dracula. Hollywood producers are getting a preview description of the monster—mysteriously known as "Rak!"—in a screen treatment prepared by Wm. Pugsley called A NOOSE OF SILK.

Filmonster fans in the Los Angeles area are advised to get on the mailing list of the MOVIES 'ROUND MIDNITE theater and call the SILENT MOVIE THEATER for advance information. The latter has shown Lon Chaney in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and Douglas Fairbanks in THE THIEF OF BAGDAD in recent months; the former has featured such great revivals as KING KONG, THE UNHOLY 3, FREAKS, THINGS TO COME, METROPOLIS, THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE and Bela Lugosi in THE DEATH KISS. Phone number of the "Midnite" theater is 467-5787; of the "Silent" theater, OL 3-2389. When you call, be sure and tell the management you heard about their programs in *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. And if any other major cities have theaters which feature revivals of famous monster movies, let us know and we'll be glad to share the valuable information with our readers.

Bela

Lucky Southern California fans recently had the opportunity to see horror maestro Vincent Price *in person* nitely when he appeared as the wicked Capt. Hook in a stage version of the famous fantastic play, "Peter Pan".

Vincent Price

RORSVILLE... HEADLINES FROM

HORRORSVILLE... HEADLINES

By Bill Oblinger

Leiber

Overflow audiences are getting to be the normal thing at meetings of the Count Dracula Society. At a recent meeting members & guests crowded in to thrill to a fascinating hour-long picture-program on HPLovecraft, master of the macabre who was the author of the story on which THE HAUNTED PALACE was based. *FM's* photographer had spent 150 hours preparing the Lovecraft program, which was narrated on tape by Fritz Leiber, author of the story ("Conjure Wife") on which the film BURN, WITCH, BURN was based. On another occasion Dr. Russell Kirk, author of many ghost stories, enthralled the audience with tales of personal spooky experiences, and revealed that one of his eerie novels had been bought for filming. At this meeting Robt. Rosen gave an exciting talk on the classic horror films of Universal's past: FRANKENSTEIN, THE MUMMY THE OLD DARK HOUSE, DRACULA, THE INVISIBLE RAY, etc. Information about meetings may be had by contacting the society's President, Prof. Donald A. Reed, at 334 W. 54 St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037.

Luna & FJA

This foto cost movie producer Ray Wander a luncheon. He lost a bet with Luna the Vampire Woman (Carroll Borland) when he insisted the man in the picture was Vincent Price. It turned out to be his look-alike, *FM's* editor! Wander, incidentally, hopes to remake the picture which introduced Luna to the screen, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE. Miss Borland recently dolled herself up as the pale-faced scarlet-lipped Daughter of the Undead Count Mora and made a public appearance in conjunction with the opening in Hollywood of the latest Edgar Allan Poe pic, THE TOMB OF LIGEIA. Vincent Price arrived in a horse-drawn hearse and Vampira & The Bride of Frankenstein (Maila Nurmi & Elsa Lanchester) were on hand to add their ghoulish glamour to the macabre occasion!

Elsa

We regret to report the death of *Morris Ankrum*, fine supporting player in many fantastic films such as GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN, ROCKETSHIP X-M, FLIGHT TO MARS, etc. Our sympathies to his widow and to his sons Cary & David, both monster fans and proud to have had a father who was an important character actor.

Bradbury

Ray Bradbury looks certain to win this year's coveted Ann Radcliffe Award in the Authors Class for his outstanding contributions to Gothic literature. Past recipients of the Radcliffe honor have included Boris Karloff, Forrest J Ackerman, Peter Lorre, Herman Cohen & Dr. Russell Kirk.

HORRORSVILLE... HEADLINES

CASTLE O

he'll make you shiver

F TERROR

William the Weird will

double bill

Meet William Castle, producer *and* director of shock films, monster movies, fright pix.

One of the big national slick magazines has called him "The Master of Movie Horror". Some might say the crown belongs to Roger Corman, the Poe man's purveyor of premature burials, houses with falling ushers, palaces with haunts in 'em, tombs spooked by black cats, etc. Others

Producer Castle produces expression of defright (son of delight) upon meeting 3 Creepy People who've come to offer him the key to the cemetery.

THE TINGLER

Handy man to have at cake-cutting ceremonies is Vincent Price, here celebrating completion of THE TINGLER (Columbia, 1960) as Castle and Basil Wrathbomb look for handout.

Castle gets some monstrous ideas from our companion magazine while Poor Man's Vincent Price, otherwise known as Forry Ackerman, looks amused at something (perhaps a picture of Vincent Price) in issue he had recently edited.

might give the Black Oscar Award to Alfred Hitchcock for psycho-schocks above & beyond the call of duty.

But Bill is right in there pitching for the honors. "I'd rather make scary movies than anything!" he declares, and he has quite a record of scream-thrillers to back him up.

a feary tale

At the ripe old age of 15, New York born Bill decided to become an actor and promptly landed his first speaking role by representing himself as a nephew of Sam Goldwyn!

He was give the part of a clam-digger in an ill-fated play called *Ebb Tide*. Strangely enough, when stage-fright struck him speechless and he stepped on a tack as he made his entrance, the resulting contortions were hailed by at least one critic as "fine acting"

And *Variety* reported: "William Castle as the simple-witted, stuttering clam-digger was the only mentionable actor."

Dracula's Castle

Following his Broadway debut, Bill went on to appear in *No More Frontiers*, which starred John Beal—who eventually became infamous in the title role of THE VAMPIRE. Deciding then that he'd like to learn the production end of the theater, Bill became the 16-year-old stage manager of the New York production of *An American Tragedy*, a considerable success.

Two years later he got to try his hand at directing. With his efforts—beginning with *Dracula*— he discovered the sheer delight of scaring people half out of their wits, and went on to direct other such chillers as *The Cat & the Canary* and *The Last Warning*.

With the exception of motion pictures, radio was at that time the most successful means of entertainment. Terrifying programs such as *Lights Out!* and *The Inner Sanctum* were the most popular spine-tinglers of the mid-'30s, when Bill turned his talents to writing & directing for radio.

the return of Castle

But before long Bill was back in the theater again, this time as stage manager & co-producer of *The Lonely Man*—in which director John Huston had his only stage role—followed by a tour of the Catskill Mountains in summer stock, acting, directing & producing. Finally, in 1939, he took over the Orson Welles stock company at Stony Creek, Connecticut.

Screams like these are what made the tenants scram from THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL! (Allied Artists, 1959.)

Castle meets authors (ghost writers) of book on famous spook-easies.

"Oh, grandmother, what scaly hands you have!" exclaims Carol Ohmart at sight of dishpan (son of deadpan) hand creeping around curtain in HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL.

Late that same year the head of Columbia Pictures heard of Bill's work and decided to invest some time & energy in making him a better director. Bill was brought to Hollywood with a writer-director-producer contract and assigned to learn film techniques at the side of several noted directors, among them Geo. Stevens & Chas. Vidor.

a famous Castle

Bill had already been acclaimed as "Broadway's youngest stage director" for the direction of *Dracula*. Now one of his earliest directorial efforts, THE WHISTLER, won the New York Film Critics Award as the finest mystery film of the year and firmly established him in his field.

After several more films at Columbia, Bill was signed by the head of production at Universal to direct a number of their successful movies. Among these were THE FAT MAN, UNDERTOW, THE CAVE and THE HOLLYWOOD STORY. However, by 1951, he had returned to Columbia and completed almost 2 dozen features.

About this time he became active in television and was responsible for the creation of the popular *Men of Annapolis* and the production of *Meet McGraw*.

dawn of horror

At the close of his second Columbia contract in 1955, Bill formed his own production company—*William Castle Productions*—and launched a series of very macabre films, the first appropriately entitled MACABRE.

MACABRE was in the nature of a horror mystery, laden with several actually terrifying scenes. Few were able to guess the identity of the monstrous murderer before it was revealed in the end. This was rather primitive in comparison to his more recent ventures but it was neverthless a success at the box-office. Everyone in the audience was given a $1000 policy issued by Lloyds of London—insurance against being scared to death by MACABRE!

Next came THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, released like MACABRE thry Allied Artists, with Vincent Price as the villain?-hero? You never knew until the end. In this film Bill's script-writer had carefully calculated that there would be "The 13 Greatest Shocks of All Time!" To quote a publicity "puff":

The ever-flowing pool of blood that drips from the ceiling . . . Acid vats that eat away all flesh . . . The crawling rope of death . . . Human heads without bodies . . . The murder cellar with 20 doors . . . Room of the living dead . . . The spectral hangman who roams at midnight . . . etc.

The "gimmick" this time was a skeleton which swooped from the screen and skimmed over the viewer's head at the appropriate moment.

This gal fears she's about to become female phantom #14 in 13 GHOSTS (Columbia, 1960).

monsters march on

Again Bill moved back to Columbia and continued his trade—manufacturing shocks by the dozens. In fact, in Germany—where he received the equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar for Showmanship in 1963—he is known as *Shreckmeister*, or "The Shock-Master".

Vincent Price had the starring role in Bill's next monsterpiece—THE TINGLER. The Tingler, according to the story, was a parasitic creature dwelling in humans' spinal cords and swelling to enormous size when we are afraid. The only way to weaken it and cause it to shrink back to its normal size is to *scream!* At one point in the film, when Vincent had released a full-grown Tingler in a theater, an ominous voice announced that the audience must scream and the lights were turned out. Real audiences actually tingled with fear—thanks to a low-voltage hook-up beneath their seats!

Simultaneously with the premiere of 13 GHOSTS, a *William Castle Fan Club & Horror Advisory Board* was being created, with members recruited from the ranks of *FM* readers. A letter was mailed to each fan on our subscription list and membership cards were distributed at the showing of 13 GHOSTS.

In order to see the baker's dozen of Phantoms in 13 GHOSTS, it was necessary to use a "Ghost Viewer", as the film was reminiscent of the days of 3D. The story revolved around the terrors encountered when a college paleontology professor and his family inherited the mansion of their uncle—a man who probed into the mysteries of the occult—and found it occupied by exactly 13 "captured" ghosts.

screams galore-- and more!

Bill followed his fright successes with a variety of other terror pix, some of them leaning toward comedy.

HOMICIDAL was a venture into the psychodrama which reached its peak in Robert Bloch's PSYCHO—and became known as "the 'sleeper' of the year". As the publicity ads revealed, William Castle insists his macabre pictures must have "some human touch so the audiences seeing them can feel it could happen to them. And they all must be played seriously & straight," so that they will spellbind the audience.

HOMICIDAL fulfilled these qualities very well.

Bone Man invites cringing Carol to bubble bath (*she* provides the bubbles) in acid vat found in the cellar of THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL.

"The story is basically one of terror," explained Bill to the press. "A homicidal maniac is running loose in a small town and no one knows who it is except a paralyzed and mute old woman. The climax to the film is one of the most macabre ever put on the screen, I believe."

And finally, with screenplay by Ray Russell based on his own story, there came MR. SARDONICUS, a tale of Gothic horror & suspense. The main character was described as "A man so evil . . . his face could stop a heart!"

Sardonicus wore a mask to hide the fact that his face was hideously transformed into a grinning skull. Called from England by Sardonicus' wife—his former love—a famous British doctor attempts to cure the masked Baron thru psychological manupulation and eventually succeeds.

But, thanks to his treacherous servant Krull, Sardonicus suddenly discovers that his jaws are locked tight and *he is unable to speak, eat or drink . . .*

fear 'n' fun

Bill's following 3 efforts were ZOTS! and THE OLD DARK HOUSE, both with comedian Tom Poston, and 13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS. For awhile horror fans were afraid that Wm. Castle was to become known as a maker of funny monsters pix but he soon fixed that by striking back with—

STRAIT-JACKET, starring Joan Crawford. Its immediate success moved Bill to a decision—henceforth he would abandon "gimmicks" for star power & plot quality, and move from the low-budget shock field into the category of high-grade psycho-dramas.

To pursue this goal, he moved to Universal and snapped up Robt. Bloch to script these upcoming masterpeices of lurking terror. Under Bill's contract with Universal, he is to produce 5 films over a period of 3 years, so there is no need to worry about a lack of Castle chillers.

lurking forward

The most recent of these high-grade horrors is THE NIGHT WALKER, in which the chilling terror creeps quietly from the screen as the audience follows in the footsteps of a dream which suddenly becomes a nightmare.

The Castle hallmark of sudden shock is there,

The Grinning Clown shown as MR. SARDONICUS, a make-up masterpiece created for Guy Madison in Bill Castle's 1961 Gothic melodrama for Columbia. Ray Russell wrote the original story and Mr. Castle directed the star in a role almost as horrifying as Conrad Veidt's classic MAN WHO LAUGHS.

This picture spooks for itself!

This is the kind of pic we usually pick for our Mystery Photo Dept. or Hidden Horrors. If it was in the Mystery Photo feature, however, the clue would be too easy: all you'd have to do would be re-arrange the letters in The Tin Girl into THE TINGLER! (Columbia 1960.)

too, and as we reach the climax, the impact is literally shattering.

Next on Bill's agenda is I SAW WHAT YOU DID, based on Ursula Curtiss' novel of teenage terror, "Out of the Dark", with screenplay by Wm. McGivern. At the moment Castle isn't divulging much of the dire doings he has in mind but we will be able to see for ourselves before long.

There is no doubt that the tongue-tied youngster who began his career in show business by stepping on a tack has since developed the knack of talking to people as he now spends a great deal of time "on the road" meeting his fans. And his many fans obviously feel that he is one of today's foremost American producers & directors of movie horror, who says frankly, "I'd rather scare the daylights out of people than anything!"

So that's where you'll find Bill any time you're looking for a thrill: burning the midnight oil, down the Bloch apiece, at "Villa Billa", the Bela Lugosi like Castle! **END**

Mud baths may be food for beautifying the complexion but this is ridiculous! Besides, it isn't a mud bath anyway—it's a blood bath! Once again from . . . THE TINGLER.

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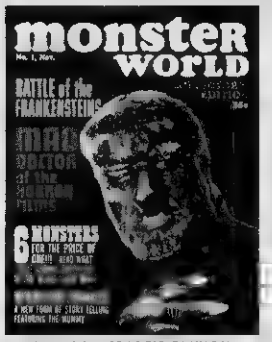

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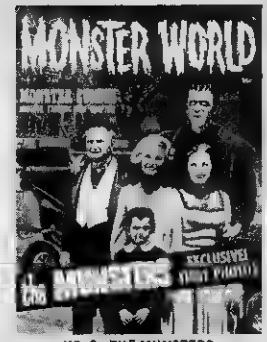

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No. 3—THE SHE CREATURE

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MYSTERY PHOTO DEPARTMENT

WHICH WITCH ????

Is she Vampira in THE MAGIC SWORD?

Is she THE SNAKE WOMAN? THE LEECH WOMAN? THE WASP WOMAN?

Is she even a *woman?*

Dr. Acula says, "She's ugly enough to be Frankenstein's daughter!"

Hoodoo YOU think she is?

Send your guesses to Mr. E. Fotom, C/o *FM*, 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Penna. 19138.

Last Issue's Mystery Guest?

If you guessed the beast-man was from MAN-BEAST, THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS or THE LOST WORLD, you lost.

If you guessed HERCULES UNCHAINED, you guessed right and won.

Won what? Dr. Acula's admiration for being such an eagle-eyed expert with the memory of a mastodon. (A mastodon was a type of prehistoric elephant with a fur coat.)

YOU AXED FOR IT

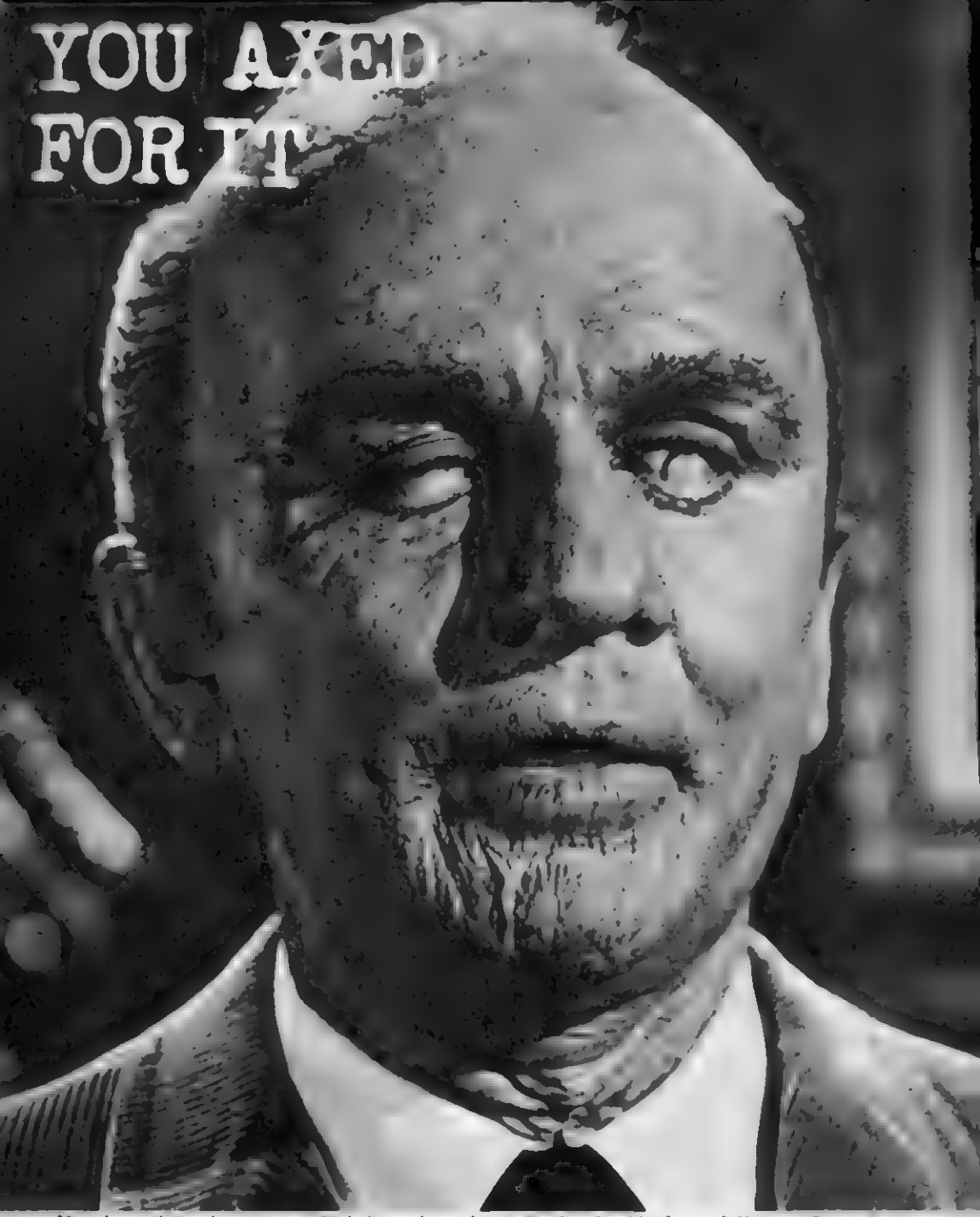
Again Dr. Acula searches thru his private files to share with you, the public, these oft-requested fotos. If you have a seeciel favorite that you'd like to see published in the pages of *FM*, drop us a line letting us know. The address is: Dept UX4, 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Penna. 19138.

Sorry, Tarzan fans, *this* APE MAN is, believe it or not, *Bela Lugosi* Bearded Bela is shown from his 1943 Monogram melodrama for ALFRED MEAGHER, ANDY WILSON, BENTON HOLDEN, HOPE BEENA, RICHARD KIRBY & CHELESTINA LEWIS.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

KING KONG, still going strong, is shown for a million admirers, and in particular NANCY SANDERS, STEVEN D UTLEY, GERALD SARAUER, RUSS KINGSTON, TERRY MICHITSCH, DENNIS TAMOSAN, JOHN BOXX, SID CIANCIOLA, BRIAN LEWIS, JOS REARDON, RENOLD BOUDREAU, PAUL SOCOLOW, KIM MOORE, RICK MURPHY, MIKE RAMY, GARY JACKSON, SCOTT MASTERS, JIM MILLER, BOB CLAREY & STEVE SCHENCK.

YOU AXED FOR IT



Already acclaimed as a new high in eerie make-up is the deathly face of Hayden Rorke in Wm. Castle's *THE NIGHT WALKER* Close-up shown here so that it may be studied in detail by STEVEN SHELDON, STEVE DOBBINS, KENNETH SHAIN, MICHAEL EDDINGER, JEFF GIRARD, JIM BRISSON, ED BUCKWALD, MIKE FRANK, GEO. KOSZALKA, GERRY GRISSON, BETTY SCANNELL, LARRY GIRARD, DIAN GIRARD, JOS. VISKOCIL, PAT DICICCO and JAMES & LOUIS SERRANO.

YOU AXED FOR IT

1935, when Colin Clive (center) and Ernest Thesiger (right) were still alive, and relaxed with Boris Karloff during the filming of *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Shown for DANNY EASTON, BILLY JESCHKE, TOMMY GILLIGAN, REED EMBREY, JOHN PICARIELLO, FRANK FERNANDEZ, TIM THOMPSON, BRENT WALTON & M. REY.

Admirers of mummies and Lon Chaney should like this foto, combining both, taken from Lon's TV appearance on *Route 66*. For COLEY SPRINGER, JERRY BALL, FRANK E. DRUMMOND, RONN BERGEN JR., JIMMY COWSERT, RODNEY MEYERS & KEVIN O'BRIEN.

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continued from page 6

to much. It was, in my eyes, a very poor excuse for a tribute. A poem about a real death, anyway, is downright foolish. It sounded like something one might hear in a soap opera. Let me give you an example:

"Sad-fond farewell, dear Peter Lorre,
From all your fans and Editor Forry."

Now what could be more sickening than that? Peter Lorre was a great man, one far too

noble to receive such a sickening tribute. Now you may think this is my opinion alone but there you are wrong. This is the opinion of every one of my friends who are also devout FM readers. Out of all of them they picked me to write this letter to you and I ask you to print it if you have any loyalty to your fans!

DAVID ROWLAND
(No address)

• **David, I believe you. Many other readers wrote and condemned the poem. I don't know "why" I tried my hand at expressing a memorium for Peter Lorre in verse rather than the usual prose but at the time it was what I felt like doing. It definitely didn't come off well, as many readers have made me realize, and no one could be unhappier than I, to have a respected man's life in my hands, as it were, and then bungle the opportunity to express a tribute in a fashion acceptable to the majority. "Sad-fond farewell" was an honest sentiment and I fail to understand why saying it on behalf of myself and his admirers should be interpreted as "sick" but I do recognize that I failed in what I set out to do. I'm sorry, it was an honest mistake, and what more can I say?—FJA.**

EDITOR REDEEMED?

The Dec. issue of FM was a masterpiece, the best since #22. The very effective Karloff-Mummy cover was a sample of what was to come. The most outstanding feature by far was the touching memorial to Edward Van Sloan. For this article, as for the man himself, too much cannot be said. I am sure that I

LON CHANEY, AS HE APPEARED IN "MOCKERY"

speak for many others as well as myself when I say that all of us who wrote our tributes to the fine old gentleman received ample satisfaction in knowing that our letters helped to cheer Mr. Van Sloan during the final months of his life. Another impressive article was "Myths of Mr. Monster". Besides the stills I enjoyed the revealing quotations of Mr. Chaney

Your new publication, **MONSTER WORLD**, is a great idea The Atwill biography was excellent. This publication is unique in that it does not have to go stumbling thru several primitive editions since it began as a first-rate magazine with **FM's** own standard of excellence

KAREN BERNHARD
(No address)

BAD THING?

You should never have mentioned LILITH in your magazine. I found out it is a picture strictly for adults only. What's the use of telling us kids about it?

JOHNNY HARKINS
Boston, Mass.

• **Don't look now, Johnny, but "all" our readers aren't "kids". Adults like Ray Bradbury, Robt. Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Lt.-Col. (retired) Oscar Estes, Harvey Kurtzman, Alex & Ruth Gordon, Sam Rubin, Ray Harryhausen, Bill Coburn, Christopher Lee, Gerry de la Ree and the Mayor of San Bernardino, Calif., like to read our magazine too—and depend on us for information about fantastic films for grownups. Besides, you'll be a grownup yourself some day—then maybe you'll want to see LILITH when it's revived on TV! We rarely recommend or condemn pictures; we simply extend the service of recording their existence. For instance: KISS ME, QUICK. This is definitely "not" for children. It may even be banned for adults in Boston! But it "does" have the Frankenstein monster in it, Dracula, the Mummy, imitations of the voices of Bela Lugosi & Peter Lorre, androids, a mad lab, and a 612-year-old human amoeba (who does not multiply but divides when born) from the planet Drupiter. Anyone seeking to create a "complete" list of films wherein the Frankenstein monster appears would need to know about this picture. Any adult interested in Lugosi or Lorre might like to see it. We don't say whether they should or shouldn't—we simply report the fact that the film exists. We have brought to your attention fantastic films from Turkey (DRACULA IN ISTANBUL), Germany & India which very few of us are ever likely to see; nevertheless, it is nice to know of their existence. If we ever learn of any modern monster films made in Russia or China, we'll note their existence too. 20 years ago we were the greatest enemies with Germany & Japan, fighting to destroy them; 20 years from now, today's enemies may be tomorrow's friends. Who knows?**

THE GORILLAS VS. THE GHOULS?

I am a big monsters fan and also a big baseball fan. I got this idea: a monsters' baseball game with all the monsters in the movies & on TV. Just enuf for 2 teams and a few more for relief pitchers & players. If you do use my idea, I would like to have free tickets to the game

LARRY PADILLA
Hayward, Calif.

• **Bawl one! 3 strokes and you're out!**

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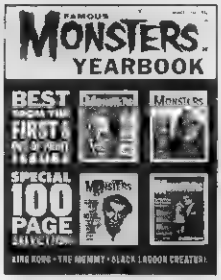

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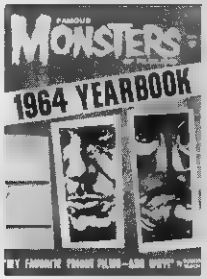

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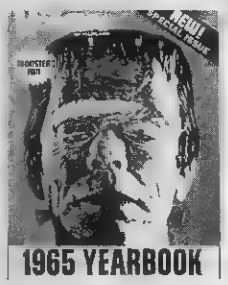

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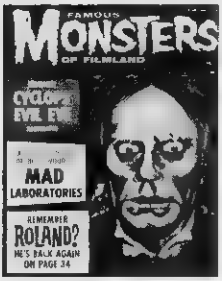

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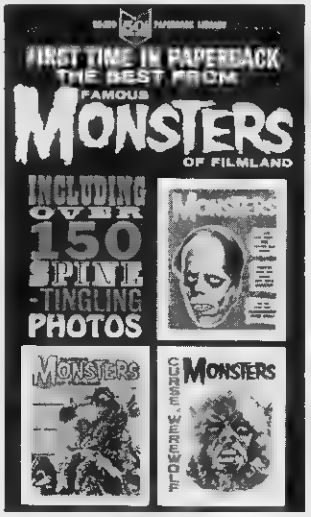

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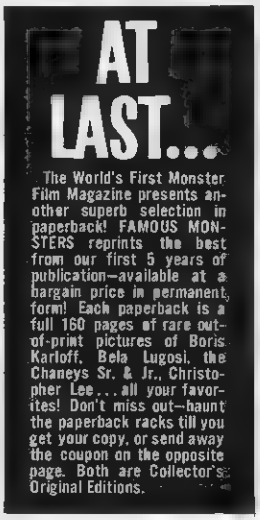

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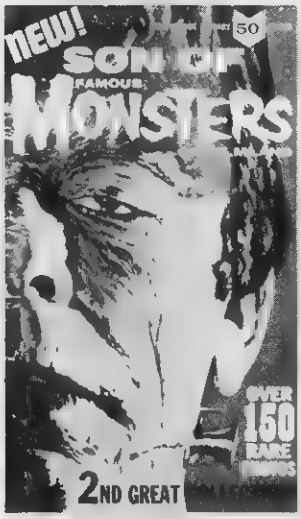

PAPERBACK #2

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CONTEST WINNERS

#19 SPECIAL
SUMMER ISSUE

#20 CARRADINE
THE THIN MONSTER

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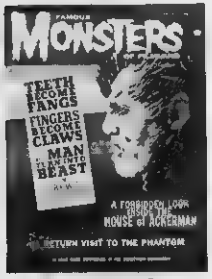
SON OF KONG



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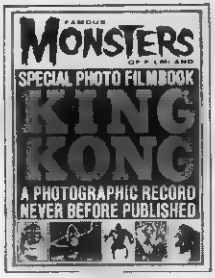
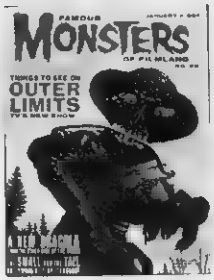
OF LONDON



#25 KONG
THE KING



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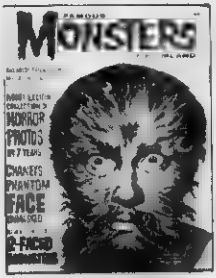
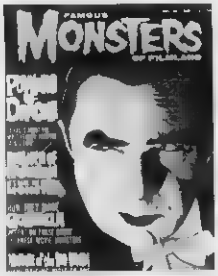


#28 CHANEY
UNMASKED

#29
CHRISTOPHER LEE



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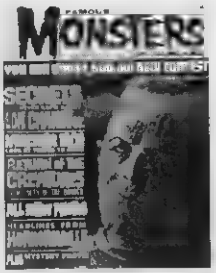

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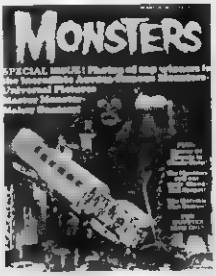

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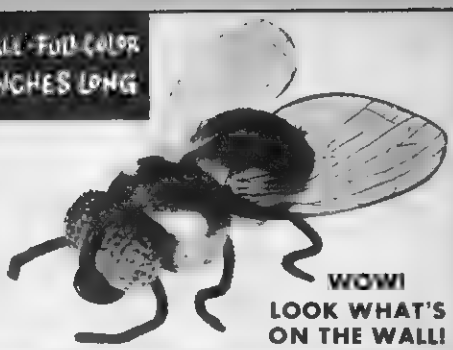

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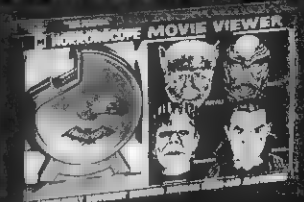

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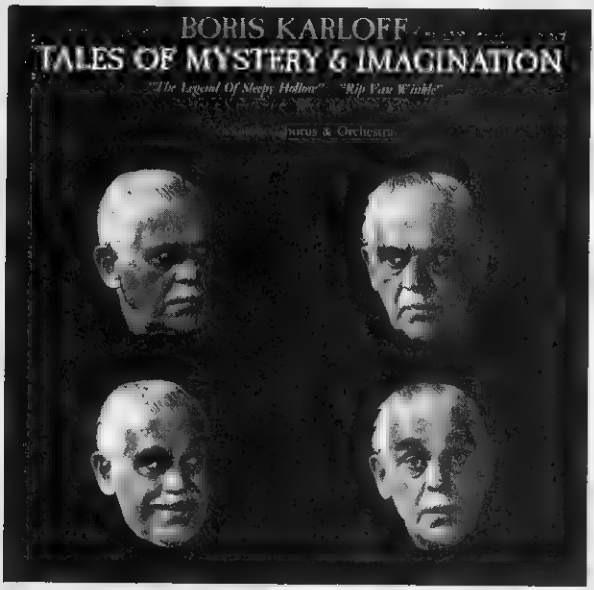

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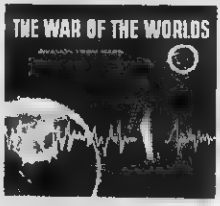
WAR OF THE WORLDS



An LP recording of the original Famous Orson Welles broadcast Intended as a Halloween prank, this broadcast caused mass hysteria throughout New York and New Jersey People abandoned their homes and fled—all roads were jammed, and never before had people in all walks of life become so suddenly disturbed as they did on this night. The original broadcast took place on the evening of October 30, 1938.
A great, rare collector's item! Only $5.98.

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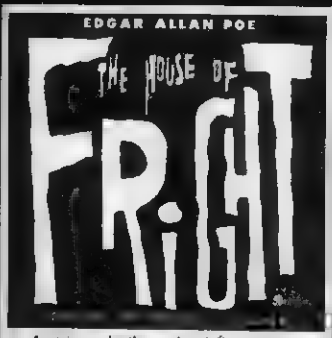


A grim, ghostly, spine-chilling, nerve-wracking tale of horror that will fill you with lingering FRIGHT, written by the all time master of thriller-chillers—Edgar Allan Poe You will remember "THE HOUSE OF USHER" (this most famous tale) with shuddering fear every time you're alone in a dark house or on a deserted street! A sinister narration by Richard Taylor.
ONLY $1.98.

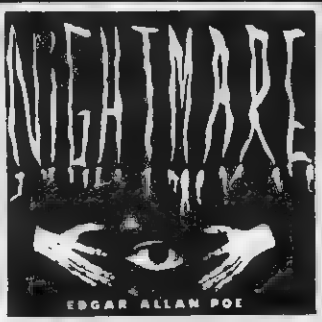
Most Amazing Half Hour on Record as FORREST J ACKERMAN himself time-travels to the 21st Century to bring back *Music for Robots*. FJA talks to YOU for 18 minutes in a thrilling narration about RUR, Tobor, Gort, Robby . . . the automatons of Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, Isaac Asimov, Leonardo da Vinci . . . the metallic Frankenstein. . . . Hear weird vibrational multisonic effects, electronic melodies created for the ears of androids! ONLY $1 98

CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for screaming suspense and maniacal action when you listen to these spine-tingling, chilling narrations penned by the master of the macabre Edgar Allen Poe MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE PREMATURE BURIAL, are among these best and most terrifying tales Only $1.98.

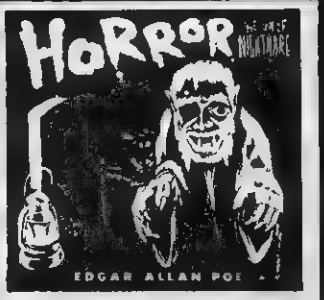
NOW YOU CAN HEAR YOUR FAVORITE MONSTERS!

Sound Track Album of Great Horror Movies— Original Music & Sound Effects (L P — 33 1/3 RPM)

Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures: HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN • HORROR OF DRACULA • SON OF DRACULA • CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON • REVENGE OF THE CREATURE • THIS ISLAND EARTH • THE MOLE PEOPLE • THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US • THE DEADLY MANTIS • IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE • TARANTULA • THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN • only $3.98.



NIGHTMARE, ANYONE? You've heard of records in a humorous vein — well this one can only be called HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the stories of the old master of horror himself — Edgar Allan Poe THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM is tough enough on your nerves, but wait until your hear THE TELL-TALE HEART — one of Poe's best and most terrorizing stories. Long Play Album. Only $1.98.



HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE; a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. The idea of actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Put out the lights and have your blood curdled by the tale of THE BLACK CAT, by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Only $1.98.

Weird music & chilling sound effects created for 12 different frightening scenes. HAUNTED HOUSE—groans, rattles & unknown sounds, SPELLBOUND—supernatural theme music, HEARTBEAT, JUNGLE FEVER, THE LONG WALK and others calculated to SHOCK! Long Play Album. Only $3.98

FAMOUS GHOST & HORROR STORIES read by Nelson Olmstead, radio's famous sinister voice. Includes THE SIGNAL MAN by Charles Dickens; THE MUMMY'S FOOT, WHAT WAS IT, THE BODY SNATCHER, OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE and others. Only $4.98.

A wild SPIKE JONES album featuring DRACULA, VAMPIRA & THE MAD DOCTOR, in TEENAGE BRAIN SURGEON, MONSTER MOVIE BALL, FRANKENSTEIN'S LAMENT, POISON TO POISON, THIS IS YOUR DEATH, MY OLD FLAME, plus others specially recorded to drive you mad with ghoulish laughter. Long Play Album. Only $3.98

Please rush me the following LONG PLAYING ALBUMS:

- ☐ TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ THE HOUSE OF FRIGHT; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling
- ☐ MUSIC FOR ROBOTS; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ DROP DEAD; $5.98 plus 25c for postage & handling
- ☐ WAR OF THE WORLDS; $5.98 plus 25c for postage & handling
- ☐ TERROR; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ THEMES FROM HORROR MOVIES; $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ NIGHTMARE; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ HORROR; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling
- ☐ SHOCK, $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ SLEEP NO MORE!; $4.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI; $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.

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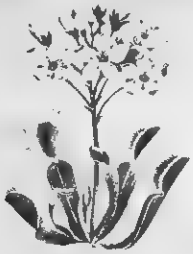
THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!



VENUS FLY TRAP

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN, FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only

$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.

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BOX 6573, PHILA. 38, PENNA

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 plus 25c for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

☐ Enclosed is $1.75 plus 25c handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL

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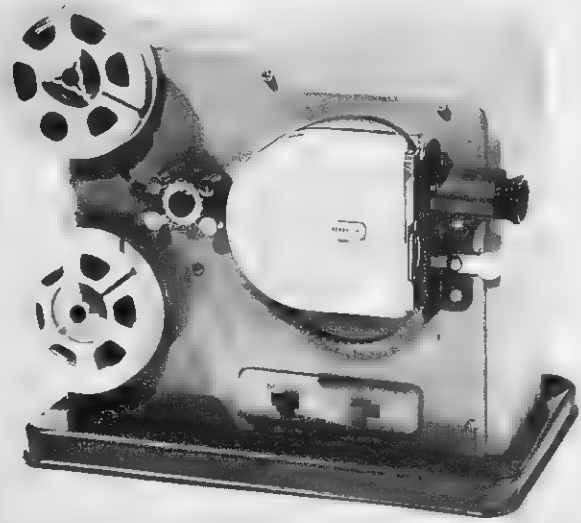
8mm Motion Picture Projector



AMAZINGLY LOW PRICED AT ONLY $9.98

shipping charge $1.00

- Fully ELECTRIC
- Automatic Rewind
- Motor & Light Switch

Projector Projects Both Color & Black & White 8 MM Film

Fully Electric—Automatic Rewind. You will be thrilled and delighted with this motion picture projector that will bring to life 8MM color or black and white movies right in your own home. Imported and mass produced using special skills, this excellent projector is useful and practical. Yes, now home movies are a luxury you can afford. Take all the movies you want without worrying about the cost of a projector. You'll show movies to friends and relatives, hold parties and so much more.
Portable & Fully Equipped. This unique projector is fully electric and powered by standard batteries. There are no plugs or connections to get out of order and it's portable . . . can be used indoors or out. So order now: Only $9.98 plus $1.00 shipping charges.

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A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF HORROR & MONSTER MOVIES

NOW YOU CAN OWN AND SHOW THESE COMPLETE FILMS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME!

SPECIAL TO OUR READERS—$5.95 EACH — **COMPLETE EDITIONS 8MM 200FT.**

WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atomic Age! A towering terror from Hell! The story of a man trapped in the blast of a plutonium bomb—and the terrible events that followed. Only $5.95

VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE

Varan came from a World Below—to terrorize, to destroy, to revenge! From the makers of such classics as Godzilla, Rodan, & The Mysterians comes the Fantastic VARAN. Only $5.95.

THE UNDEAD

Horror that screams from the grave—The Undead! An evil curse from the past rises again to strike down its victims. An adventure into creeping terror you'll never forget. Only $5.95

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

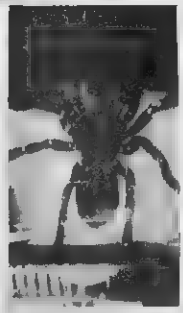
Nothing like this in all the history of horror! The body of a boy . . . the mind of a monster . . . the soul of an unearthly THING! See the fiendish monster created by a mad doctor. Only $5.95.

THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US

The Creature is captured by scientists in an eerie lagoon, and is returned to civilization. He escapes—and leaves a wake of destruction while terrorizing the countryside. Only $5.95

THE MUMMY'S TOMB

A living mummy, hundreds of years old, seeks revenge from the family that found his unopen crypt in Egypt. Step by step this "creature from the past" brings destruction to all who were cursed by entrance into his unholy tomb. Only $5.95



TARANTULA

A scientist experiments with nature and the result is a "MONSTER SPIDER" that threatens the world with destruction. A weird story, a terrifying film. Only $5.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. MG-33
Box 6573 Phila. 38, Penna.

ALL FILMS A FULL 200 FEET EDITION

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $5.95 plus 25c postage & handling for each film checked below:

☐ THE MUMMY's TOMB ☐ TARANTULA
☐ WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST ☐ VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE
☐ THE UNDEAD ☐ I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN
☐ THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US

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MONSTER MAIL ORDER

SKULL MUG

A PERFECT ADDITION TO A MONSTER'S CUPBOARD. A BEAUTIFUL SKULL-SHAPED, FULL SIZED, CERAMIC MUG. DEEP ETCHED IN DETAIL WITH BONE-LIKE HANDLE.

WILL GIVE YOU THAT ADDED TOUCH OF ENJOYMENT WHEN YOU DRINK YOUR MILK, HOT CHOCOLATE OR SOFT DRINKS.

Limited quantity! Order Now!
1 skull mug $1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling
3 skull mugs $2.50 plus 50¢ for postage & handling

CAPTAIN COMPANY Dept. MO-33
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Philadelphia 30, Pa.

DRACULA RUBBER BAT
Enough to scare Dracula himself. This rubber bat comes with a suction cup that when stuck on the wall or laid on the bed will cause nothing but grief to the poor victim who walks in unexpectedly. Full price only 75¢ each. Circle No. 3

MONSTER HAND
These colorful rubber claws fit right over your hand like a glove. Enough to scare the wits out of your victims. (The werewolf on the cover of #3 issue is wearing them.) Full price only $1.50 each hand, or $3.00 for a complete pair. Circle No. 4 in coupon.

WEREWOLF SIREN RING
A slick-looking ring that is worn on the finger. You blow into it and it gives off a terrific whirl that makes the sound of a powerful siren. Resembles the "cry of the werewolf." Perfect for secret club members. Only 75¢ each. Circle No. 7

HORRIBLE HERMAN
FRIGHTENING ASIATIC INSECT

Let people look inside this 2½" box—then watch them faint! Inside is a horrible-looking type of insect with a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, and twin tendrils coming out of the head. You can make him lift his head and move around! Looks absolutely alive! Only 75¢ each. Circle No. 10.

HOW TO HAVE A SPOOK SHOW IN YOUR OWN HOME

This easy-to-read booklet shows how you can create realistic supernatural tricks in your own living room without special props. Turn out the lights and work these chiller-diller stunts on family & friends. Ten great tricks. Only $1.00. Circle No. 1 in coupon

NEW!

SHOCK MONSTER
Here's a mask that will shock people out of a year's growth! Eerie green skin, black twisted hair, yellow teeth and a staring eye make this one of the most horrible characters ever created in rubber. Only $2.00 Circle No. 13 in coupon

NEW!

GIRL VAMPIRE
A white-skinned monstrosity with long black hair and big red lips. Perfect for girl ghouls to wear when scaring family and friends. Even Mom will have fun wearing this to scare bill collectors away! Only $1.49 Circle No. 19

NEW!

TEENAGE WEREWOLF
A new mask just created in answer to the many requests we've had for a replica of the werewolf character now so popular with the teenagers. Colorful hairy-type face with mouth open showing seven razor-sharp teeth! Only $1.49 Circle No. 20

NEW!

ONE-EYED CYCLOPS
A big blue-green eye in the middle of the forehead! Nothing like it anywhere! Walk down the street with this mask on and watch the people run. Its slide slits allow you to see out of both your eyes. Only $1.49 Circle No. 2.

MONSTER FOOT
Gruesome feet are giant size to go on over shoes. Made of latex rubber and horribly painted, these ghoulish "feet" will frighten all! Create a riot wherever you wear them. Full price only $1.50 each foot, or $3.00 for a complete pair. Circle No. 5

MASKS!

GHOUL

Eerie green and yellow ghoul looks as if he just rose up out of the earth! Enlarged ears and mouthfull of horribly large teeth, plus droopy, sunken eyes make this new mask a collector's item! Only $1.49 Circle No. 11

FAMOUS MONSTERS mail order department features exciting items for all true monster-lovers, at low cost. Many thousands of readers have already ordered masks and other monster merchandise—and are now busy scaring friends and family silly!

All masks are Hollywood-type, made of extra heavy latex rubber full-faced and flexible. They actually move with the face, producing a most life-like appearance. Fits loosely on all faces, goes over the top of the head.

It's easy to order the masks and other items: just circle the number of each item you want in the coupon at the bottom of this page. Print your name and address clearly, then mail coupon with the full payment for all items ordered, plus 25c to cover postage and handling. In most cases, the 25c pays for only part of the postage. WE PAY THE REST! All merchandise guaranteed. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

LAGOON MONSTER

Horrifying greenish Over the Head mask covers entire face, needs no elastic to keep on. Terrific shocker, with yellowish & red features Looks just like real Hollywood kind, with lumpy skin and scales like fish Very scary! Only $2.00 Circle No 12 in coupon

HORRIBLE MELTING MAN

Here's a great one! Inspired by the HOUSE OF WAX, this mask will startle anyone who sees it. Half of the face appears to be melting onto the floor! Only $1.49 Circle No. 14.

SCREAMING SKULL

This grinning, bone-colored skull has white hair and deep, black eyes to make it one of the scariest masks ever designed. Only $1.49 Circle No. 15

GORILLA MONSTER

Imitation black hair and a mouth full of gorilla teeth make this ape mask a real horror creation. Be the King Kong of your neighborhood. Only $1.49 Circle No. 16

SUPER FRANKENSTEIN MASK

FRONT VIEW

SIDE VIEW

COVERS ENTIRE HEAD!

This horrifying heavy rubber mask was worn by Frankenstein on the cover of Famous Monsters #1. It's the Super De Luxe version of our Frankenstein face mask and covers the entire head. Impossible to tell who you are when you wear this eerie green Hollywood shocker! Has red lips, scars and silver bolts on neck & forehead Black hair Only $3.98. Circle No. 17.

MUMMY

Greenish terrifying likeness of famous Kharis covered with rotting bandages. Eerie yellow teeth & blue green eye sockets Very authentic Only $1.49 Circle No 22

Full Face FRANKENSTEIN

Original Frankenstein mask — the kind used in Hollywood Green with red lips and scars Silver bolts on neck and forehead Only $2.00 Circle No 18

MAIL THIS EASY-TO-ORDER COUPON TODAY!

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. MO-33
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PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.

Please rush me the items I have circled on this coupon. I enclose $ ..... in full payment, plus 25c for postage and handling for each item
Please send via FIRST CLASS MAIL, for which I enclose 25c additional.

Draw a circle around the number of each item you want

1		3	4	5		7	
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22		

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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NOW—OWN A REAL

MYSTERY-MAN MASK

At last, you can have your very own Hollywood MYSTERY-MAN type MASK. The amazing head mask is all genuine wool, double stitched with felt lining for real comfort. For convenience, the mouth flop snaps open or shut. The mask is held in place by elastic head bands, while the special wool collar drapes down over the shoulders. Use your mask to:

1) Make a movie, with yourself starring as the "Mysterious Avenger!"
2) Organize a "Masked Phantom" club with your friends!
3) Protect your face against freezing cold weather! Act right now and send for YOUR very own BRAND NEW mask. Only $1.00 each plus 25c for postage and handling.

CAPTAIN CO., Dept. MO-33 Box 6573, Philadelphia, Pa.

HORROR DECALS

PACKAGE #1

10 DECALS in this package only $1.00

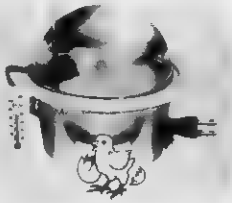
HORROR DECALS

PACKAGE #2

10 DECALS in this package only $1.00

Be sure to indicate Package #1 or Package #2 Send to: CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept.MO-33 Box 6573, Philadelphia 38, Pa.

WATCH THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES



See the entire hatching process . . . from egg to chick . . . through the plastic dome window of this 2 egg incubator Maintains proper heat and humidity to hatch chicks, ducks, pheasants, quail, etc. Includes bulb, egg holder, thermometer, and instruction book. Stands 6" tall, 7¼" wide. Base converts to a brooder after chick is hatched. Only $2.98 plus 50c postage.

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PERPETUAL MOTION

SOLAR ENGINE

NO ELECTRICITY! NO BATTERIES!

All you need is LIGHT to run this scientific ATOMIC ENERGY ENGINE. The brighter the light—the faster it will spin. Resembles a light bulb (made of quality glass) with a heavy-duty base. Sits anywhere. 6 inches high. No parts to wear out—nothing to get but of order. Any kind of light will cause it to turn—even under water! A truly fascinating and mysterious novelty. Only $1.75 plus 25c postage & handling.

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A COMPLETE SET OF 5 DIFFERENT

MONSTER RINGS

Bright silver-finished MONSTER RINGS with secret flicker designs that jump and change position with each movement of the hand! You get ALL 5 MONSTER RINGS (WEREWOLF, FRANKENSTEIN, VAMPIRE, SKULL & MUMMY) for only 50c plus 25c postage & handling.

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USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER MONSTERMOBILES SHOWN ON PAGE 93

Captain Co., Dept. MO-33 Box 6573, Philadelphia 38, Pa.

☐ Send me FRANKENSTEIN'S FLIVVER, for which I enclose $1.25 (98c plus 27c handling & postage) Please rush!

☐ Send me DRACULA'S DRAGSTER, for which I enclose $1.25 (98c plus 27c handling & postage). Please rush!

☐ Send me BOTH MONSTERMOBILES, for which I enclose $2.25 ($2.00 plus only 25c handling & postage). Please rush!

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MONSTERMOBILES ARE HERE!!!

YOUR FAVORITE MONSTERS GET THEIR OWN HOTRODS!

FRANKENSTEIN'S FLIVVER.....

The "Big Daddy" of them all—Frankenstein himself—now has his own way-out flivver, complete with cotton smoke pouring from the engine and terrifying skull decorations on the wheels. Frankenstein drives it while playing with his special "eyeball" yo-yo, while the flivver's special exhausts blast out red flame through the monster engine! Only 98c.

DRACULA'S WILD DRAGSTER.....

How would you like to see this baby come tearing down your local drag strip? It's a perfectly wacky, wonderful horror on wheels. Dracula drives the dragster with red cape flowing behind, a bat as an ornament and flames shooting from the rear. The entire looks like a coffin on wheels—and that's exactly what it is! Only 98c.

See the Monstermobiles at any store carrying Aurora's Monster Model Kits—or you can order your Aurora Monstermobile by mail, see special coupon on page 92

AURORA PLASTICS CORP.

AURORA

WEST HEMPSTEAD, L.I., NY

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF HORROR & MONSTER MOVIES

NOW YOU CAN OWN AND SHOW THESE COMPLETE FILMS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME! TRULY CLASSICS OF THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN!

COMPLETE EDITION
8mm (160 ft.) 16mm (320 ft.)

ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

A runaway rocket ship, flying saucers and beauties of Venus drive Abbott and Costello along a riotous orbit of dizzy fun for some hilarious maneuvering in outer space! Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

WAR OF THE PLANETS

Desperate men from a strange universe kidnap a noted scientist to help stem the unearthly furies of an outlaw planet. A powerful barrage of exploding missiles follows his remarkable escape. Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

KILLER GORILLA

—see the daring capture of the savage bloodthirsty gorilla, actually captured and photographed on safari in darkest Africa—in one of the screen's most breath-taking scenes!

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

A space ship falters in flight and spins to earth with its mysterious monster visitors. A brave scientist battles against time to send the unearthy monsters back to outer space.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

Dracula, The Wolf Man, and even The Invisible Man join forces in this comedy shocker! Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brain" for the monster

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

Gigantic PREHISTORIC DINOSAURS are shown in a battle to the death as cavemen watch, terrified. The prehistoric days come alive again as the unearthy monsters engage each other in battle.

- ☐ I want the 8 mm A & C IN ROCKET AND ROLL. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm A & C IN ROCKET AND ROLL. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 8 mm WAR OF THE PLANETS. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm WAR OF THE PLANETS. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 8 mm KILLER GORILLA. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm KILLER GORILLA. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 8 mm IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 8 mm A. & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c
- ☐ I want the 16-mm A. & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c
- ☐ I want the 8 mm BATTLE OF THE GIANTS. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm BATTLE OF THE GIANTS. Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25c for handling.

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ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

A scientist invents a drug that turns humans into monsters—and Costello gets a dose of the needle! He turns into a monster and lures Scotland Yard on a zany chase after the real madman! Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

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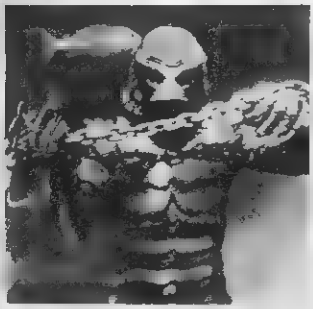
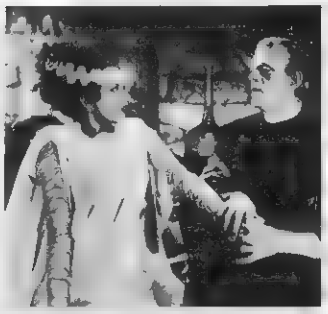


In the Amazon jungle a living creature from 150 million years ago threatens a party of archaeologists. See the furious spear-gun battle to capture it in the Black Lagoon.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN



Boris Karloff as The Frankenstein Monster and Elsa Lanchester as his Bride-To-Be. The Frankenstein monster was bad enough, but the Bride now appears as a 7-foot tall horror, wrapped in gauze, ragged stitches scarring her neck!

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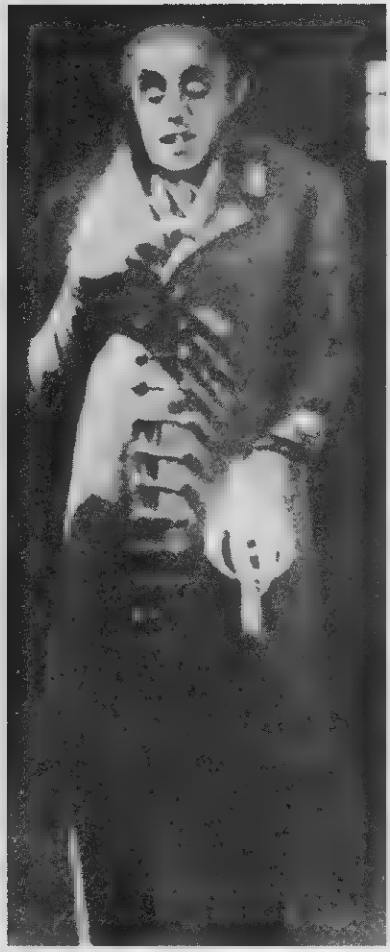

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COMPLETE FIVE BIG REELS — 1000 feet running 1 1/4 hours
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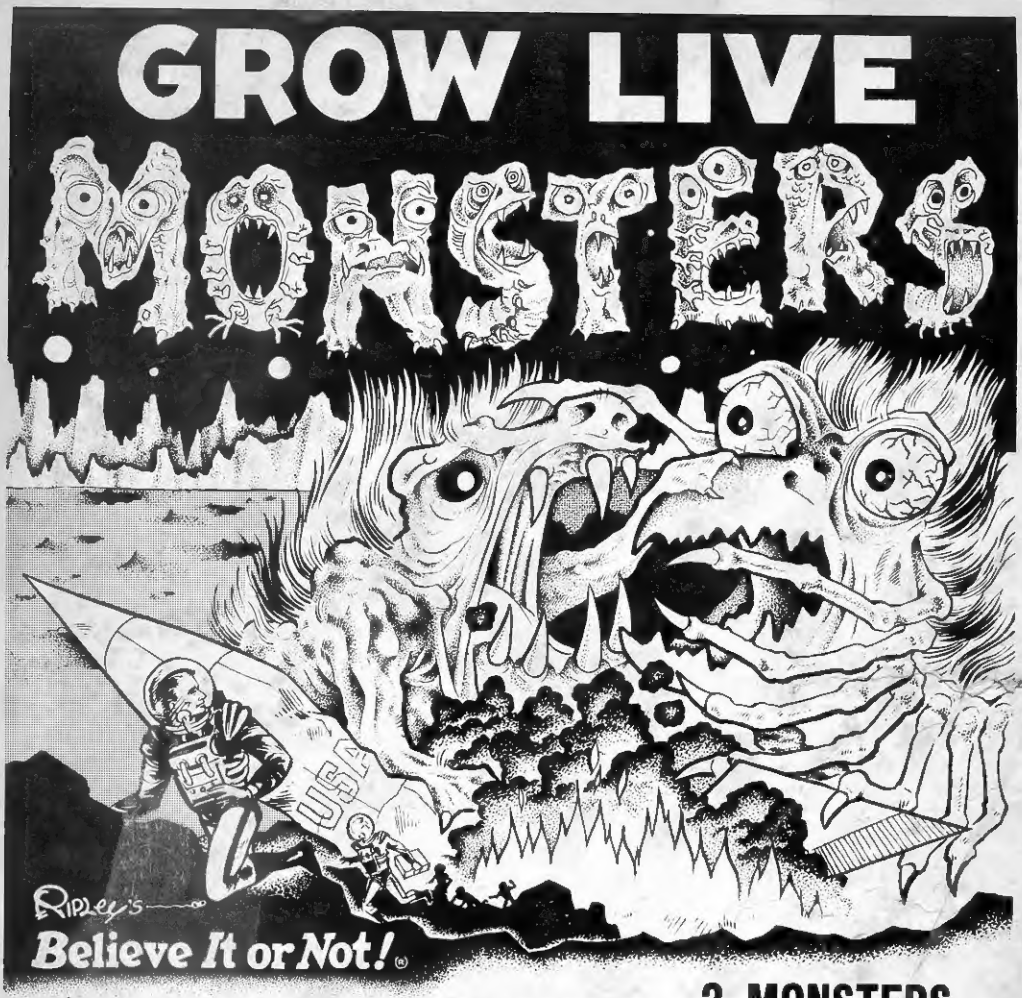

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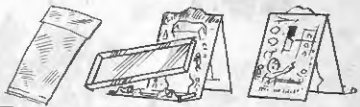

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